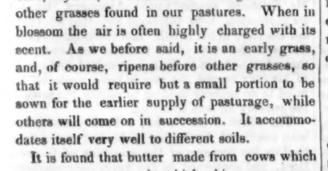
MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE — MECHANIC ARTS — GENERAL INTELLIGENCE &c.

VOL. XVII. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1849. NO. 18.



OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, OUR BROTHER MAN

A Mix of Grasses.

Our farmers are now laying down much of their ground to grasses. Clover and herds-grass are, nine times in ten, the kinds and the only kinds sowed, whether for mowing or pasturage. We have ever contended against this mode of being confined to only these two species of grass, and have always advocated mixing together more varieties. It ought to be done in either case, whether you wish to confine your land to mowing, for the hay only, or whether you design to turn it out to pasture. Each separate species of grass, or plant, used for forage, has some peculiar property or ingredient which is valuable in producing certain qualities in the beef, or milk, or butter and cheese which is manufactured from it. The white clover, for instance, is said to produce more *caseine*, or cheesy matter, in the milk of those cows that feed upon it, than most other grasses. Some grasses give peculiar flavor to the butter, and others give out a pleasant fragrance to the hay, which is communicated more or less to the milk. The red-top and the orchard-grass should be mingled in with the herds-grass and red and white clover. There is another grass which is not very abundant with us, which should be more cultivated as an ingredient of our pastures and mowing fields. It is called the *sweet-scented vernal grass*. It is what botanists call the *Anthoxanthum Odoratum*. It is a native of Europe, and was introduced into this country, and has become more or less scattered about among our grasses. It is very fragrant, and where a little of it is cut it gives a delightful odor to the new mown hay. It is an early grass. A writer some years since in the Farmer's Cabinet, speaking of the prevalence of this grass about Philadelphia, says, the scent somewhat resembles vanilla. It grows from a foot to eighteen inches high. Its stem is very small and round, with a few long and slender leaves. Its odor, says he, is sufficient to distinguish it from other grasses found in our pastures. When in blossom the air is often highly charged with its scent. As we before said, it is an early grass, and, of course, ripens before other grasses, so that it would require but a small portion to be sown for the earlier supply of pasturage, while others will come on in succession. It accommodates itself very well to different soils.

It is found that butter made from cows which graze upon pastures in which this grass grows, has, in the earlier part of the season, a peculiarly pleasant flavor, and when this grass declines, the flavor declines. The grass, however, comes on again in the fall, and it makes a valuable fall feed, or "after math," as it is sometimes called.

A chemical examination of this species shows that it is not so highly nutritious as some of the other species. Its fragrant properties consist in its containing *benzoic acid*, a substance which is well known to possess a peculiarly aromatic odor. It is stated that an essential oil can be distilled from the grass, which will afford a pleasant perfume.

It is not strange, therefore, that the butter should contain a portion of it, and partake of its fragrant qualities. We know that milk will contain the odoriferous particles derived from turnips, onions, garlic, &c., &c. Hence it is an object for the farmer to take advantage of a knowledge of such facts, and mix his grasses in such a way that he shall not only obtain a supply of the nutritious matter which the several species may contain, but also any other materials that will render the products of beef, butter, or cheese more grateful in quality, and consequently more saleable and profitable. This can be easily done by mixing the seeds of different grasses when sowing. We presume all the varieties of seed required for the above purposes may be obtained at the several seed stores in Boston, New York and other large places.

Prospects of the Next Clip.

The Wool Grower contains a communication over the signature of R. L., on this subject.

In regard to the prospect of the "next clip" in Maine, we can tell him it will be a *very small* one.

The sheep have *departed* from our borders.—We know of some neighborhoods where a few years ago you could find a thousand sheep, now you will not find enough there to supply sufficient wool to make stocking yarn to furnish that same neighborhood.

We can take you into towns where, a few years ago, the woolen factories were buzzing night and day, and giving profitable employment to hundreds of industrious hands—now the spindles are rusting in idleness, and the workmen dispersed. Even those mills that are in operation, turn slowly, and every revolution of the wheel mourns dolefully of hard times.

Such is the prospect of the "next clip" in Maine. These are facts. We say nothing of the causes.

The writer above alluded to, estimates from the statistics and other data of 1840, that there will be, in 1850, thirty millions of sheep in the United States, and that the clip of that year will be seventy millions of pounds, and that the clip of this spring (1849) will be *sixty-six millions* of pounds. He thinks not over one-fifth of this will be worked up at home, and that there will be, therefore, upwards of *fifty-three* millions for the manufacturer.

In remarking upon this statement, the Editor thinks that the old stock of wool will be pretty well worked up—that the imports will be about fifteen millions of pounds, or say twenty millions. This, with the clip, deducting what will be worked up at home, will give seventy millions for the manufacturer. He then estimates the number of woolen factories in the United States at fifteen hundred, and allowing only two "*sets*" of machinery to each factory, they will require *two hundred and twenty-five thousand* pounds per day. They will thus work up *sixty-eight* millions during the year, thereby leaving a surplus of two millions for "*leeway and variation*," as a sailor would say.

According to the above calculations, it is probable that the clip will all be wanted at home, but the price, as every one knows, must depend upon the price of fabrics, and the condition of the money market.

Without trenching on political ground, we presume we may be allowed to say that it is unfortunate that the price of the fabric is regulated by the agents of the English manufacturer. Instead of having a home valuation to be attached to foreign fabrics which pay an *ad valorem* duty—that is, a duty according to its value—the value is sworn to by foreign agents *as it is in their country*, not in ours; and abundant experience proves that they consider a Custom House oath a mere farce, and the taking a false one there, the least heinous and most pardonable of all mortal sins.

The Wool Grower.

A monthly periodical with this title has been commenced in Buffalo, under the Editorial charge of T. C. Peters, Esq. The object of the work is to advance the interests of the wool grower—to bring the business into some sort of system, and to keep those interested in the business, informed of its actual condition and prospects. The work will also be devoted, in part, to the other interests of agriculture. The object is a good one, and the work is in good hands.

As the Editor says:—"This branch of agriculture is second to none in the free States."

If he can devise any means by which it can be less fluctuating than it is, he will do the community a great service. Unfortunately, it is more dependent upon the freaks and theories of political power than any other branch, and while it is so connected, it is doomed to perpetual instability. The work will be ably conducted, and we hope it will be attended with the best results to all hands.

Do Turnips Contain Chlorine?

We have noticed, when turnips are boiled before being pared, that they emit an odor somewhat like that of chlorine, as it is emitted where being manufactured in bleaching establishments, or for combining with lime in chemical laboratories. There is undoubtedly a volatile substance disengaged while these roots are boiled, but the resemblance of its odor to chlorine may be a fancied one on our part.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

Letter from Aroostook County.

MR. EDITOR—I have been an attentive reader of your paper for the last fifteen years. I am much pleased with its leading features, and especially with the general invitation given to farmers to write, in their own way, (rude though it may be,) communications and statements of facts, founded on their own experience.

In accordance therewith I propose to give you the cost of growing, and the value of the crop of a patch of oats, known here as the small Russian oats, a new variety to me, having been acquainted with them but three years. They are a variety very happily adapted to our rich soil here. They do not grow so high by from twelve to eighteen inches as the common kind. They are fine strawed, and seldom if ever lodge so as to injure the berry, which is smallish in size, thin hull, of bright complexion, and some two weeks earlier than the common kind. They are said to make the best meal of any known.

The products of my oat patch were taken to the oat mill, where they were first kiln dried, then hulled, then ground into meal.

I commenced on land in its natural, wilderness state, worth here one dollar per acre. "In the summer of 1846 I paid three dollars per acre for felling a piece of trees—in the summer of 1847 paid one dollar per acre for chopping the limbs, and, after getting a good burn, eight dollars per acre for clearing, including board in each case. In the spring of 1848 I sowed six bushels of the said small Russian oats on three acres of said land, and took off two hundred and twenty-five bushels, weighing from 36 to 38 lbs. to the bushel, and yielding 22 lbs. of meal per bushel. Deducting one sixth, for the miller's toll, there remain 18½ lbs., worth here $5,00 per hundred. The account then stands thus:

Dr.	
To felling and clearing three acres of land,	$36,00
six bushels oats for seed,	5,00
myself two hours to sow same,	50
boy and horse three days to harrow them in,	4,50
twelve days' reaping, binding and shocking,	18,00
man, boy and team 1½ days to haul them to barn,	5,00
man 12 days in winter to thresh them out,	15,00
taking them to mill and returning meal, 15 miles,	15,00
Total,	$99,00
Cr.	
By 225 bushels oats, giving 18½ lbs. meal per bushel, 4125 lbs. meal, at 5 cents per lb.,	$206,25
Cost of crop,	99,00
Leaving a profit of	107,25

While the land remains in good order, ready for another crop of grain, and then for grass and tillage *ad infinitum*.

This is not an extra crop, as much larger yields are frequently obtained. It may be considered little if any above an average crop, when the land is well cleared, properly prepared, and sowed in season. This shows clearly that there is one crop at least in this part of Maine from which the farmer may derive a satisfactory profit, over and above a liberal reward for all his labors. But this is not the only crop that pays liberally: there are several others that amply remunerate the tiller of the soil. As I have already spun a long yarn, and have no space for further details, I will only add, that I planted a part of the same field with potatoes, from one acre of which I took three hundred bushels, very handsome and fine flavored, being worth here fifty cents per bushel. Likewise a very small piece of Indian corn, some beans, peas and millet, all did very well. Wheat last season with me was a failure from blight, caused by very hot weather about the time the berry was forming. I obtained only ten to twelve bushels per acre.

There seems to be some diversity of opinion about the climate of the Aroostook. It is generally believed by those in the western part of the State, that our summers are shorter and our winters longer and colder than with them, while most of the settlers here, who came from that section, come to a very different conclusion. My own opinion, which is founded upon close observation during four years' experience, is that the climate in this part of Aroostook County is preferable to that of Oxford, my native County. The winters may be nearly or quite as cold, as measured by the thermometer, but less snow and much less wind. Our north-east storms are nothing so severe as with them. For the last five years, the snow has come on no earlier here than in Oxford. It lies on a little later in the spring, but the land is dry and warm and ready for seed, I think, earlier here than there; and there can be no doubt that our stock will find a good living earlier in spring and later in the fall than there.

AN AROOSTOOK FARMER.

Letter H, Aroostook Co., Me., March 12, 1849.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

Stock Raising in Maine.

MR. EDITOR—Although the rearing of neat stock is among the principal agricultural resources of this State, and perhaps the most prominent or important to farmers, yet how indifferent or blind a large proportion of us are to our true interest in this branch of agriculture. Although we may find some few that appreciate the advantages within their reach for breeding good cattle, yet but a small proportion of our farmers seem to be truly awake to this subject. In this section of the State—in Kennebec and counties adjoining—there are probably greater facilities for growing stock than are to be found in other parts, owing to the land being more diversified or broken, and thereby producing hay of a more nutritious quality, and pasturing better suited to the natural habits of neat-stock. But the reason why a large proportion of our farmers continue to breed ordinary cattle and such as pay little or no profit, probably is, that it will cause some extra expense to lay a foundation for better breeds; for the same hay and pasturing required to support the ordinary kind of the native breeds, would only be required for an improved and, in my opinion, a far more profitable stock. And this is the reason why individuals who have taken extra pains in transporting improved stock from other States and breeding them here, have received so little encouragement. In looking over the first and second volumes of the American Agriculturist, I notice accounts of sales of Durham Short-horn bulls in England as high as $1000, and so down, and cows in proportion. And I learn that the Herefords are beginning to hold a sharp rivalry with the Durhams in the English markets.

Now, I ask, can any reason be assigned why, with all our advantages, we are not able to breed as valuable stock as any other State?

Something has been said in your valuable paper respecting agricultural clubs being formed for discussing questions and promoting an interest in agricultural matters. This, I think, would have a good tendency. And when formed, let them raise, either as individual or joint stock, a sum sufficient to purchase and bring into each of our back towns some of the most approved breeds of stock. If the above or some other similar course were pursued, we might in a short time find a decided improvement in our breed of cattle.

While spending some time in Augusta not long since, I paid a visit to the Arsenal and noticed some fine specimens of Durham stock, owned by Lieut. R. A. Wainwright, the present occupant, whose interest and enthusiasm in the subject of breeding stock, considering his limited means, are truly praiseworthy. A cow, I learn, was purchased there about a year since by a gentleman in Belgrade, at the economical price of $75,00, which would probably cause many of our farmers to startle, although she was probably cheap, as I understand the calf she brought last spring was valued, when six months old, at forty dollars. I hope to hear soon from more able pens on this important subject. W.

Vienna, April 20, 1849.

Sub-Soil Plowing.

We have written so much, and spoken so often on this subject, that we feel fearful of tiring our friends by repeating the arguments in its favor; but the daily questions asked in relation to sub-soil plowing, convinces us that, like Billy Lackaday's recital of his sorrows, it must be repeated again and again to insure its dissemination.

In the first place, then, many surface soils are underlaid by sub-soils which are considered less capable of supporting vegetation than themselves, and therefore it becomes necessary to treat this sub-soil in such a manner as to render it available for the use of plants. Experience has proved that if the sub-soil can be brought in contact with the atmosphere, that chemical changes take place which render it capable of sustaining plants, and the sub-soil plow, while it admits the atmosphere to percolate the subsoil, does so without necessarily mixing the sub with the surface soil, and that most sub-soils after frequent plowings are rendered fully equal in quality to the superincumbent soil. Sometimes surface soils are found to be too thin to contain sufficient pabulum for plants, and therefore that they must be deepened; but that if this be done by turning up immediately a considerable portion of the sub-soil, the mass will not have the necessary qualities desired; and therefore it is preferable to prepare the sub-soil by admission of atmosphere before combining large quantities of it with the surface soil; that after one or two years thorough sub-soil plowing, we may then combine the two without fear of injuring our crops, but on the contrary, we find them improved by such treatment.

Sometimes the sub-soil is composed principally of clay, and will not permit the surface water to pass freely down, thus causing the surface to become acid, too compact by extreme wet, &c., and the plants from such excess of moisture cannot thrive. In some localities we find a thin surface soil, underlaid by a hard-pan sub-soil, which is so compact that the roots of plants cannot penetrate it, and thus for want of being able to adopt their natural configuration, the plants die.

In both these cases sub-soil plowing is found to remedy the evil. With the clayey sub-soil, the cut made in or through it, often permits the excess of water to escape, and the hard-pan sub-soil, by the mechanical disintegration of the plow, is rendered permiable to the roots of plants; and in both cases the constituents of the atmosphere and the gases it contains can reach the roots of plants, even to their termini, which could not be the case unless by the assistance of the sub-soil plow. Nor does the advantages of sub-soil plowing end here. Soils may not only be deepened, sweetened and otherwise improved by this practice, but in seasons of excessive rains or droughts, the crops are more likely to succeed than if the ground had not been sub-soiled.

Excess of rains may pass down, while in the drought the roots may go down to a lower point to find moisture, and thus the whole plant is sustained. During the drought of 1848, we had a fair opportunity of observing this fact. While parts of our crops on soils not sub-soiled, were literally lost, the same crops on the sub-soiled parts flourished with exceeding vigor.

Less manure will produce equal results on sub-soiled land. The ammonia and carbonic acid gas of the atmosphere is received and retained for the use of plants in deeply disintegrated soils; whereas in shallow soils these gases, received at night, with the dews, are parted with again by the effects of a morning sun.

During heavy rains shallow soils can rob the water of the ammonia it has brought down from the atmosphere, only in proportion to the quantity of surfaces of particles of earth exposed, and the excess runs off to the rivers and streams with the excess of water passing over its surface. But in deepened and well disintegrated soils, all these gases can be absorbed, and if the rains be still in excess, they cannot carry off the fertilizing properties which were first received. Recollect also that no manure is available for the use of plants, unless either in the form of a *gas* or *in solution in water;* both of which states are more likely to transpire in sub-soiled land than in land which is slightly plowed.

The roots of all plants are much longer than is generally supposed. Long after they become too minute at their ends to be visible to the naked eye they continue to elongate, and as they receive their food principally at their termini, or ends, the land should be in a condition to admit and supply the food. The average length of the roots of the corn-stalk is found to be from five to six feet; of the onion eighteen inches, and other plants in proportion.

Why do we disturb the surface of the ground between hills of corn or potatoes, and find that we benefit our crops thereby? Does such treatment increase the fertilizing materials we have previously put in the ground, or does it open the surface for the admission of air to the roots? If the latter, must not the same facts apply to the lower as well as the upper roots?

Practically, we have settled these questions to our own satisfaction, as well as to that of our neighbors. Many who were at first unbelievers in the use of the sub-soil plow, now admit its necessity, and none who have witnessed its operation pretend to continue their objections.

Our practice at present is to plow with our surface plow full seventeen inches deep, where the surface soil will admit of it, and then to follow in the furrow with a sub-soil plow, which cuts thro' without turning over to the depth of seventeen inches more below the bottom of the furrow, and this treatment has done more for our land than even the manures used upon it. We shall finish these particulars in a future article on deep plowing, and we do not fear but that our *practical* readers who are not already converts to this system, will soon become so. How often do we hear of meadows *running out*, and on examining the roots of the grasses we find that they have reached the impermeable soil below, and then commenced their decay! Who ever heard of a meadow running out which had been previously fully sub-soiled? [Working Farmer.

Manger Feeding.

That the common method of feeding horses by putting coarse hay in a rack before them, and giving them oats unmixed with other food, is not the best way, I am fully convinced. When hay is fed from a rack, there is usually much waste, as horses are apt to acquire a habit of selecting the best locks, and drawing the remainder down to be trodden on and mixed with their litter. When oats are fed in the common way, the horse swallows them so greedily that they are not half masticated, and consequently, a pretty large portion of them do not digest. Now both of these difficulties may be obviated, and a considerable saving effected by adopting a different management.

I will describe my method, and all who are pleased with it may do likewise. I prepared my manger for containing a quantity of cut feed sufficient to last a horse twelve hours, by making it twenty inches deep, and eighteen inches wide at the top—each horse's portion being as long as the width of his stall. Narrow strips of board are firmly nailed across the top, fourteen inches apart, to prevent the horse from tossing his feed out. I have a self-feeding machine for cutting hay and straw, with which one man can cut as much in half an hour, as three horses can consume in twenty-four hours. Each revolution of the wheel to which the knife is attached brings the straw or hay forward one inch, so that the whole is cut in pieces an inch in length. I feed oat straw and hay, in equal proportions, and keep the manger well supplied. Twice a day, morning and evening, each horse is allowed three quarts of oats, put in his manger dry, and well mixed with his cut feed; I prefer mixing the oats with the other feed dry, because if wet some of it will become sour and unpalatable. Now the advantage of thus mixing the oats with the cut feed is obvious; for the horse cannot swallow the latter without first chewing it, and as he cannot separate the oats from it, he is obliged to chew them also, and consequently they all digest, and the whole of their nutriment is extracted.

Horses thus kept, and moderately worked, will be healthy, spirited and in good condition; old horses will do better on cut than on coarse feed, because less chewing is required; there is also an advantage gained by cutting the provender for horses that are kept much of the time in harness, as they will fill themselves quicker than with coarse feed, and therefore have much more time for rest. The only objections I am aware of to this system, are the cost of the machine and the labor of cutting; still I am well convinced that the saving of feed is more than an equivalent for these. Some may be disposed to take advantage of this plan to induce horses to eat musty hay, or such as has been spoiled in curing; but every farmer ought to be aware that such hay is always injurious, and is very liable to produce an inflammation of the kidneys.

Many farmers in this neighborhood have the impression that rye straw contains more nourishment than oat straw. I know not the origin of this opinion; perhaps the inference is drawn from the fact that a certain quantity of rye is of more value than the same quantity of oats by measure. But horses and cattle always give the preference to oat straw; (and their judgment in this case, is of some consequence;) besides, the analysis of the two, shows that oat straw contains considerable more of the principal nutritive ingredient (nitrogen) than is contained in rye straw. It should, however, be borne in mind, that any kind of straw is vastly inferior to hay in nutritive properties, and I would only recommend the use of the former for horses for the sake of economy, and when little labor is required.

Some prefer ground feed for graining; but if they will take the trouble to weigh their grists before sending them to mill, and again after their return, they will find the toll is an item worth considering. I doubt whether there is any kind of feed in which so many valuable properties are combined as in oats, and I would always give them the preference, except when their price in market is much higher proportionally, than the other kinds of grain which may be substituted for feeding, as rye and corn. I can see little advantage and no economy in having oats ground, when we can feed them in such a way as to ensure thorough mastication. J. MCKINSTRY.

Greenport, N. Y., Feb. 5, 1849.

[Albany Cultivator.

Breaking Rocks by Fire.

While perusing the February No. of the Cultivator, I observed a statement from one of your correspondents in regard to the manner in which he cleared his land of stones. His mode was to excavate a large hole upon one side of the boulder, and partially under the rock which he wished to remove, and then roll it in. I think the process might well be replaced by one which is much more economical. Your correspondent observes that it is very hard to drill some "hard-head" rocks; an assertion which I truly confirm, having been engaged in the business myself, for weeks in succession, upon my father's farm, in Lewis county, N. Y.

In 1843, we were clearing a piece of ground of stone by the aid of the drill and powder; one very cold day a fire was built upon a rock, which was, perhaps, four feet in diameter, near the wall where we were at work. By means of the heat there were large scales loosened on the top of the rock, which were taken off with a crowbar, and used for filling up the centre of the wall.

Subsequent to this, a fire was built upon the same rock, and sometime after, the scales being removed, it was ascertained that the rock was broken through in two different directions, dividing it into four nearly equal parts.

The quarters being left with face sides, fitted them admirably for laying into wall. From this time henceforth, the drill was dispensed with. Experiment showed that one man could carry a sufficient quantity of wood to break any rock, which a farmer might be desirous of removing from his fields. Another great advantage was, that wood of little value, such as old pieces of rails, stumps, and the like might be used with advantage and economy.

There is one point which must not be neglected, if success is expected; that is, to keep the rock clear of shells while heating. To do this with facility, the tools required are a sharp iron crow-bar and a pair of large tongs. As soon as any shells are found to have started up, the fire should be removed with the tongs, and the scales carefully taken off with the bar. This is the only secret in the process. The object is, that the heat may be applied directly to the solid rock. The fire should then be replaced with the tongs, and so on until the stone is broken. Throwing on cold water is superfluous.

One man can attend twenty of the fires, or one man can perform as much work in this way as ten with drills. The beauty of the process is, that it is performed comparatively without danger or expense. DENNIS JOHNSON.

Mt. Airy Ag. Inst., Feb., 1849.

We have seen rocks broken by the process above described, and we endorse what our correspondent says in regard to it.

[Editors Albany Cultivator.

The Cultivation of Fruit.

As the period has arrived when those intending to set fruit trees the coming season should be laying their plans for future operations, it may not be amiss to consider the subject of fruit cultivation in New England. The time has come that the farmers of New England should turn their attention to this important branch of agricultural industry. The fertile prairies of the west, and the auriferous regions of California, seem likely to rival our rocky New England soils in the production of the staple commodities of grain and golden ore. Our reliance must be placed upon something, which, by the superior advantages conferred on us by our local situation, enable us to successfully compete with them. This we can do in the cultivation of *fruit*. We are favored by nature with a soil and climate well adapted to this purpose. We are in the vicinity of large manufacturing and commercial towns, connected with all parts of the country by numerous railways, which afford a ready market for a large portion of the products of the orchard. In addition to this, our best fruits find a ready sale in the European cities, and the exportation of our surplus winter fruit, is likely to become an important item in the commerce of New England. This is no longer problematical, but has already been tested by experiment.

The most valid objection to setting fruit trees usually urged by farmers, is, the *length of time* that is required to bring them into bearing, and consequently before they can reap the fruit of their labors. This may at first appear an almost insuperable difficulty, but no one who has not passed the meridian of life, need be frightened from the undertaking by this consideration. And who that has the least spark of ambition or philanthropy, will be deterred by such an argument from this most philanthropic employment. If the *individual himself* does not live to eat the fruit of his labors, *future* generations will rise up and call him *blessed*. But ten or twelve years, with careful cultivation, are sufficient to bring an orchard of well-planted apple trees, into full bearing; and for some other fruits much less time is requisite. If any one doubts the accuracy of this statement, let him make the experiment. Let him select a suitable piece of strong, moist upland, previously well prepared by cultivation with corn or potatoes, and plough it deep. Let his trees be carefully set according to the directions given by the Ploughman, and he may rest assured that his well-directed efforts will be crowned with success. Most of the failures in setting orchards arise from want of care in planting, or neglect in their after cultivation. Many are also permanently injured by setting too deep.

But we will suppose that circumstances beyond his control compel the individual to dispose of his farm before his trees have had sufficient time to recompense him for the labor he has bestowed upon them. Will not his farm be increased in value by every tree that he has planted? And will not the purchaser recognize its superior value on this account? In conclusion, where is the man of taste that does not take pleasure in this delightful employment? How does it not increase and strengthen the thousand delightful associations and endearments that cluster around the very name of *home!* Let none, then, neglect this most pleasant, most important and profitable branch of agricultural industry.

W. D. TUTTLE.

Acton, March 21, 1849. [Mass. Ploughman.

Parsnip Culture.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I have seen a call for information on the value of the parsnip for the purpose of cattle and hog feeding. I am truly sorry that Mr. Colman's engagements did not, when in Europe, permit him to visit the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey, as it had been his fixed purpose to do; if he had, there would have been no need of my saying a word on a subject which he could so well have spoken to. As it is, however, I beg to observe, I consider the parsnip the best of all roots for those purposes; and in no place is the use of it so well understood and largely practiced, as in these Islands, where the possessors of farms of from four to a dozen acres of land, would not, without its culture, be able to make both ends meet. But here, the parsnip is of a peculiar kind, very observable even in the appearance of the seed, that being smaller and heavier; while the root, not so large at the crown, but much longer and more uniform in growth, permitting the crop to stand much thicker on the ground, yields in all cases, under the same circumstances, a much heavier and a larger crop. These roots form the almost entire fatting of their hogs, to which, in the first instance, they are fed raw, until the creature begins to reject the outside of the root, for the sake of reaching the *heart*, when they are cooked, and mixed with a small portion of the bran of wheat; finishing off with a mixture of them, and oats and peas ground together and cooked; and nowhere have I ever seen or tasted finer meat; while to the use of the parsnip are they in a great measure indebted for the very high character of their butter, which is sent to every quarter of the globe, crossing the line on ship-board, without melting; although its character is remarkable for *freshness*, very little salt being used in its fabrication; the secret of its bearing so well its transportation being, each tub or crock is enclosed in a larger barrel, and packed closely round with dry salt, thro' which heat cannot penetrate.

In the cultivation of the parsnip in these islands it is customary to plant the English bean singly and at large intervals, which is found not in the least to lessen the crop; and going to afford the necessary finish to their fatting hogs. Cultivated at much less labor than the carrot, and acknowledged to be superior to it for the purpose of stock-feeding, it has entirely usurped its place in the list of field crops; and is, indeed, considered indispensable in their farming operations.

[Boston Cultivator.] JOHN DENNISON.

Cultivation of the Raspberry.

These plants are frequently set out in light and poor soils, crowded together, left untrimmed, choked up with a profuse growth of weak stems; and what little fruit they produce is nearly dried up, from the arid situation in which they were placed. On the contrary, in cool, deep, and moist soils, in a sheltered and partially shaded place, the plants throw up suckers to the height of six or eight feet, and produce a profusion of large, handsome, and well flavored berries. So well assured are the most eminent English cultivators of the raspberry, of its love of a cool and moist soil, that some writers have strenuously recommended the use of bog earth and rotten leaves, in the place of richest loam. We are well assured that the many complaints which are made of the meagre produce of many raspberry plantations, may be attributed wholly to the light and droughty soils in which they are often planted.

A cool aspect is of material consequence; and to secure this, the north side of a fence or trellis, which will form a screen from the sun, is the most favorable; on the north side of the shrubbery or row of fruit trees, is also a suitable place. If neither of these situations is to be had, an open spot in the garden may be chosen, always being careful to avoid the south or east side of the fence. A temporary shade may be effected in the open garden by planting a row of running beans on the south side.

[Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture.

Transplanting Forest Trees.

As the season of the year for the transplanting of forest trees is near at hand, the following remarks may be useful. They were written by Mr. Amos Hitchcock, of Pittsford, Vt., who obtained a premium from the Rutland County Agricultural Society, for his success in transplanting forest trees. He describes his practice as follows: "About the first of May, or when the buds are considerable swollen, and spring so far advanced as not to freeze nights, we repair to second growth timber land, if we wish for maple or other forest trees. Provided with necessary tools, we select our trees, avoiding crooked or ugly formed trunks, and commence the operation by digging a trench around the tree, eighteen or twenty inches from the tree, according to its size, and sufficiently deep to cut off all the large roots. The tree is then easily removed by the help of an iron bar, and a little hand lifting. Care is taken not to injure the small fibrous roots. After having dug in this manner, as many trees as we wish, they are conveyed on a box wagon to the place where they are to be planted. We now bring the trees to an equal length by removing all the top, say ten feet from the root. If there be small shoots below this point, they are suffered to remain, otherwise the entire top is removed. The holes for receiving the trees having been dug at equal distances, and in a direct line, the roots are then wet that the earth may readily adhere to them, and the trees are planted to their original depth. Care should be taken to work the fine earth in among the roots, so that no vacuum be left directly under the trunk. The turf should be placed snugly around the tree with the grass side up, and the whole pressed down with the foot or some suitable instrument. In this way, two men will carry to the distance of one or two miles, and plant from twenty-five to thirty forest trees per day."

The committee who awarded Mr. H. the premium, add the following to his statement: "In transplanting trees, though great care be exercised, there will be a severe loss of roots, and the tops should be reduced in proportion to this loss. Where stones can be procured, it is well to place a number of good size over the roots at a little distance from the trunk. They tend to prevent the roots from working in the ground, and also to keep the ground moist about the trees." [Albany Cultivator.

Lockjaw in Horses Cured by Chloroform.

MOBILE, March 17th, 1849.

Dear Sir,—Some time in September last, I addressed a communication to you on the application of Chloroform in cases of Lockjaw in horses, and which you were kind enough to publish in your paper.

Since then I have had several opportunities of testing this mode of treatment, and in no instance has it failed, with the exception of one, when the administration of Chloroform was delayed till the patient was almost in the agonies of death.

My plan of treatment in this hitherto incurable disease is as follows:—On the first symptoms, I give a drench composed of thirty drops of Croton Oil, intimately rubbed in a mortar with thick mucilage of Gum Arabic, and gradually diluted with a pint or a pint and a half of good ale. Immediately on the drench being swallowed, the patient must be bled profusely, put in a warm stable, and, if the weather be cool, carefully covered with rugs. Now is the time to use Chloroform—four ounces will be sufficient for an application, and a convenient mode of applying it is, to make a temporary nose bag of a soft material, and as air-tight as possible; in the bottom of it place a sponge, and on this pour the liquid; by introducing the horse's nose, and tying the bag round and above the nostrils, he will be obliged to inhale, and in a few minutes will be under its influence. Upon rising, the muscles will have lost the rigidity peculiar to the disease, his nervous system will have become quieted and his face have lost that anxiety of expression which accompanies Lockjaw.

The Chloroform must be repeated three or four times—say an hour apart; on the horse's recovery, his strength should be supported by light and nutritive food, and, if the weather be warm, turning him out in a pasture for two or three hours a day, will extend the muscles of his neck, and bring him to the use of his limbs.

I would also suggest, that hand-rubbing of the extremities during the applying of the Chloroform will be highly beneficial.

Respectfully, &c., TETANUS.

[Spirit of the Times.

Cauliflowers.

I have been eating delicious cauliflowers all winter, thanks to your directions in The Horticulturist. I sowed seed for the winter crop about the middle of May, and when winter approached I lifted the plants in a damp day, with a little earth attached to the roots, and set them on the floor of a warm cellar, under one of my outbuildings. They were most of them not even showing the least signs of flowering when they were put in the cellar, and I confess I was a little incredulous as to their "coming to anything" in their winter quarters. But they soon began to form blossom crowns, and I have cut the whitest and most delicious cauliflowers from these plants since last December that I have ever tasted. As this mode of treating cauliflowers is not generally known here, I have quite astonished my neighbors by the sight of such a fine winter vegetable in abundance. X. Y. Z.

[The Horticulturist.

Pear and Quince Stocks.

I have been all the day engaged in my pear nursery; and having seen the result of an experiment made about this time last year, I give it to you for the benefit of whom it may concern. I received a lot of seedling pear stocks last season; and when planting them out, I concluded to try if the roots would not grow. I therefore took off the tap root about four inches long, and planted it with the larger end just even with the surface. The cuttings were generally about the size of a swan quill. About one-half grew, and are larger than two year old stocks, received from Rochester, N. Y. Some of them would measure three-fourths of an inch in circumference, and three feet high.

When putting out grafts last year, I made use of the upper part of stocks as a temporary stake to hold a label, until I could put up stakes with numbers. The stakes were put in, and the pear switches left. I find to-day about two-thirds of them growing, with fine roots, and some few are nearly three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and five feet high. M. W. PHILIPS.

Edwards, Miss., Jan. 24, 1849.

[The Horticulturist.

CLIPPING HORSES. Clipping undoubtedly enables a horse to perform his work with greater ease, in the same way that a man can work easier in his shirt sleeves than in a great coat; besides this, he can be dressed quicker and more readily. Extra clothing is required, and the horse should not stand about in cold weather. Where, however, he is obliged to, singeing is better than clipping, as it does not remove so much of the coat, but can be repeated during the winter. [Ag. Gazette.

TRUE RICHES. The true wealth of a community, is its labor, its productive labor. A man is not the richer for houses, which he cannot occupy; lands, which he cannot use; money that he cannot spend. He might own a continent in the moon, but what would that avail him. He might die of starvation in the vaults of the Bank of England, or in the undisturbed possession of the riches of the mines of Peru. Labor is the great source and instrument of subsistence and wealth. [H. COLMAN.

MAINE FARMER.

R. EATON, Proprietor. | E. HOLMES, Editor.

AUGUSTA:

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1849.

Maine, Commercially.

Not long since we made some remarks upon this subject prefatory to an extract from a correspondent of the National Intelligencer. The remarks of the writer alluded to, put it beyond all doubt or cavil that our State, as far as tonnage was concerned, is the first in the Union. We plead guilty to a good deal of State pride in regard to this and other kindred subjects, and feel gratified when we can put our finger upon any statistics that shall demonstrate to any skeptical "outside barbarians" that we can take a front rank in such things, and are rapidly advancing to a similar position in regard to many others.

We have recently met with a communication furnished by a correspondent of the Boston Journal to the columns of that paper, which contains more on the subject in question. The writer states that the tonnage built during the year ending June, 1848, in all the States was about two hundred thousand tons, referring to the tonnage built exclusively for external commerce. Of this amount there was built in Maine about ninety thousand tons, or very nearly one half of the whole. Massachusetts in the same time built about forty thousand tons, and New York nearly or about the same amount.

The enterprising little village of Damariscotta built in that time six thousand tons, being one fifteenth of the whole built in Maine, and about a thirtieth of all that was built in the Union.

The same writer thinks the amount of tonnage built in the State and to be built during the present year, will amount to seventy thousand tons, being a falling off; but we have no doubt that what is built in the State will bear the same ratio to the whole, and that we shall continue for a long series of years to hold the same position that we now do.

Battalion of Grafters.

We have heard during the Mexican war of a great many kinds of battalions and corps of death dealers—dragoons, (*dragons,*) voltigeurs, flying artillery, sappers and miners, and "boom-dum-dar-dies"—but we met with a corps of light rangers the other day worth the whole of them. It was our friend and neighbor, Moses B. Sears, and his company of grafters. Friend Sears makes a business of making old orchards put off their worthless fruit and become loaded with that which is of sterling value. He was armed and equipped with the appurtenances and fixings for a campaign, and has opened the business of the season. He has a two horse team for transporting his three journeymen, ladders, scions, cement, kettles, &c., and was wending his way into Franklin county, where many an orchard already confesses his skill in *scion*-tific operations. We employed him last year in remodeling a *dilapsidated* orchard, and found him very successful in the business and very reasonable in his charges.

Kennebec Teachers' Association.

The next session of this association will be held at Winthrop village, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 9th and 10th instant.

EXERCISES. Discussion of postponed resolutions. Dissertations—by S. W. Hatch, of Hallowell, subject High Schools; by J. W. Tuck, of Hallowell, subject History; by G. W. Jewett, of Sidney, subject Mathematics; by E. S. Welch, of Monmouth, subject Geography.—Lectures—by Rev. N. Gunnison, of Hallowell; by Rev. H. P. Torsey, M. A., of Kent's Hill; by J. H. Withington, M. A., of Hallowell.

Committee of arrangements—Rev. D. Thurston, Rev. C. W. Morse, Hon. S. P. Benson.

J. W. TUCK, *Secretary.*

Hallowell, May 1.

Papers in the county, and Common School Advocate, please copy.

FIRE IN AUGUSTA. At about half past ten o'clock on Saturday night last, a fire broke out in the dry-house of Mr. E. K. Robinson, door, blind and sash manufacturer, at the east end of the Kennebec Dam, in this town. The building was entirely consumed, together with a quantity of lumber. We have heard the loss estimated at about five hundred dollars. The fire got well under way before it was discovered and the alarm given in the village; and as it burnt very rapidly, the building was well nigh consumed before the firemen, though expeditious in their movements, were on the ground with their "tubs." This is the third dry-house consumed by fire on the premises within a year or two.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT. On Saturday last, a young man by the name of George W. Fogg, machinist, from Monmouth, in the employ of Daley & Co., west end of Kennebec Dam, in this town, had his right hand seriously mangled between a couple of cog-wheels, while in the act of adjusting them. He was in very acute pain, and chloroform or ether was administered, but with little or no effect. His hand was dressed very skilfully by Dr. Hill, who was under the necessity of amputating the two first fingers. It is thought he will also lose the thumb and one of the remaining fingers.

THE BOSTONIANS are making preparations to celebrate the approaching anniversary of American independence in a becoming manner. They have contracted with Mr. James G. Hovey, of that city, to furnish the fireworks on the occasion. The display will be brilliant.

THE BIDDEFORD HERALD has changed hands again. Wm. F. Scamman is the present proprietor and editor. It appears well. Over the hymeneal record are the following significant words: "*Joint Resolutions.*"

COLLECTORS. The following appointments of collectors in this State were made on the 23d ult: Bela B. Haskell, for Waldoboro'; Daniel Remick, for Kennebunk; Wm. B. Smith, for Machias.

FATAL ACCIDENT. A correspondent of the People's Press, writing from Shirley, Piscataquis county, under date of the 22d ult., says: "A man by the name of William Stain, of Mt. Vernon, in the employ of Reed & Page, lumbermen, while at work, yesterday, on one of the landings of Roach River, was so severely injured by a rolling log striking him, that he died in five hours, from the effects of the injury."

THE BOSTON MERCANTILE JOURNAL, one of our most valuable exchanges, has received a new and beautiful dress, from the type foundry of Messrs. Phelps & Dalton of that city.

ACCIDENT. The Democratic Clarion states that, on the 21st ult., a son of Mr. Joshua Taylor, 2d., of Norridgewock, had one of his legs broken by being thrown under a harrow.

Water Power in Maine.

There are few if any States in the Union that can boast of so many waterfalls as can Maine. It would be not only curious but very useful statistical information, if a tabular view could be made out containing the number of waterfalls, height and volume of water at each fall, in all the towns and townships in our borders. What an immense power it would exhibit!

We were once struck with the remark of an Irishman. He had landed in Quebec, and found his way soon after down the Canada road to Waterville. In this place, for the first time in his life he saw a saw-mill, a clapboard machine, a shingle machine, and a lath machine, all in full blast, and cutting out the lumber with a power and despatch that he never before had any conception of. After looking at them awhile in utter astonishment, he turned to his companion and exclaimed, "Arrah, Teddy, an' it's curous to observe the arts of man—*what a slave he makes of the weather!*"

That was a true remark. Our slaves are the waters—the free, gushing, headlong streams, as they come galloping and brawling down the hills and cliffs and steeps, are caught and set to work. They merely stop awhile to take breath, as it were, and then they give the wheel a twist and away they go babbling and laughing along to the ocean. There are no sighs nor groans—there is no trampling on weak humanity—there are no curses nor wailings. It is a slavery whose value consists in its freedom, and whose power is available only at the moment it is set at liberty.

It would astonish even those in this vicinity who are acquainted with such matters, if they could see a full account of the water power within a circle made by a radius of twenty miles from any point in this town, say the State House, for instance, and not half their strength employed yet.

We were put into this train of thoughts while passing the premises of our friend, M. A. Chandler, Esq., who has left *courting Mammon* with dry goods in this city, and settled himself in Belgrade village. Here is a valuable water power, caused by the flow of water from a long chain of ponds above, through a channel in the rocks which holds them in check, and makes one of the safest and easily managed sites for factories there is in the world. It is about six miles from Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad, and there is a chance, with little expense, to canal down to the very rails, as the road crosses the stream. We wish the 'Squire had half a million, just for the sake of seeing how he would make the spindles buzz. It is a capital chance for manufacturing of any kind. What say, friend C., can't you get up a corporation that will push ahead and make business lively up there among the quiet old farmers, and give them a good market for their mutton and pumpkins!

A YOUNG GIRL SENTENCED TO BE HANGED. Letitia S. Blaisdell, the young girl who, in February last, poisoned an aged woman, her foster mother, and an infant, and attempted to poison Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Blaisdell, at New Boston, N. H., was, on Tuesday of last week, brought before the court then in session at Amherst, and pleading guilty to the charge of murder, sentenced, after some very feeling remarks by Judge Eastman, to be hanged on the 30th day of August next. The Lowell Journal, in the course of some prefatory remarks to the Judge's address, observes: "The scene was awfully solemn—and many an eye unused to weep, was overflowing with tears. A young girl receiving sentence of death!"

VASSALBORO' SHIP-BUILDING. Our up-river neighbors are doing quite a business at shipbuilding. Two vessels have been built and launched at Vassalboro' the present season, and are now lying at our wharves, in the process of completion. The first is a barque of some two hundred tons, and is owned by Moses S. Varney and others. The other is a vessel of about one hundred and sixty tons, and is owned by Messrs. Sturgis, Cox and Lambert. They are said to be good vessels in every particular, and were made as large as they could well be and lock through the dam.

FIRE IN SACO. The Biddeford Herald says that, on Friday night last, the house, barn and shed of Mr. Peter Scamman, in Saco, were consumed by fire, together with a horse and two cows.

PICKEREL. The Lewiston Journal states that pickerel are plenty in the Androscoggin river at that place. Roguish boys "hook" lots of 'em. Pickerel, we believe, are not very numerous in the waters of the Kennebec, though a few are occasionally taken. They flourish best in the still waters of ponds and lakes.

ANOTHER BIG EGG. Mr. —— Burgess, of this town, has deposited in our office a hen's egg of some pretensions. It measures 8 by 6¼ inches. It is the product of a Spanish hen, and would bring in California a heap of dust. There's a sharp competition going on in the coop relative to the production of big eggs.

LOG-DRIVING. We learn by the up-river papers that the water is so low in the Kennebec and its tributaries that scarcely anything has yet been accomplished in the log-driving business. Lumbering operations have not, we learn, been carried on very extensively the past winter.

SHOVEL HANDLES. The Skowhegan Press states that Messrs. Butterfield & Johnson, at their manufactory in that town, will turn out the present year about twelve thousand dollars' worth of shovel handles. It's a pity the shovel factory in this town is closed.

ANOTHER WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT. Dr. E. P. Eastman has opened a water-cure establishment at Gorham, in this State. This is the second one in Maine. The more cold water establishments the better. How would a few liquor *cure* establishments prosper? There's no lack of patients, certainly.

LOST OVERBOARD. Thomas J. Hollis, of New Sharon, says a Bath paper, was, a few days since, lost overboard and drowned, from brig Harriet Newell, on the passage from Boston to Bath.

ANOTHER BIG HOG. The Eastport Sentinel says that Mr. Emerson of that town recently slaughtered a hog that weighed eight hundred pounds. This beats friend Mudgett's porker by some fifty pounds—that is, if the animal weighed that after being dressed, of which our cotemporary saith not. The Sentinel very coolly remarks: "We don't often notice such things, as they are quite common here; but when occasion requires, we are always prepared to show that Down East 'is some.'"

APPOINTMENT. John S. Abbott, Esq., of Norridgewock, has been appointed, by the President, visitor from Maine to the West Point Academy. Hon. Horace Mann is the visitor from Massachusetts.

THE NEW BRIDGE to be constructed the present season over the Bond brook in this village, will cost about two thousand dollars. It is to be built entirely of stone.

Additional Premiums.

The Trustees of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society have had Fifty dollars placed at their disposal, as premiums for the encouragement of Flax Raising within the State—and they hereby offer the same, as follows:

For the best crop of Flax, not less than one acre,	$25,00
2d, do.	15,00
3d, do.	10,00

A statement of the mode of culture and certificates of the quantity of land cultivated, and the weight of the crop, when well dried—together with the quantity of seed sown—will be required.

Specimens of the flax to be furinshed to the Secretary previous to the awards being made by the adjudging committee. Competition open to all persons in the State.

Per order. RUSSELL EATON, *Secretary.*

Flax Culture.

MR. HOLMES—I have read with much interest the communication in your paper from C. C., of Foxcroft, upon the culture of flax. His views are sound, practical, and worthy the attention and imitation of every farmer in Maine. What he says in regard to the *pulling* of the crop, looks rather appalling; but when done, with the new process for cleansing, may be said to be done with. But to dissipate the fear of the back-ache, your correspondent is informed that a machine has been put in operation for pulling flax, which, with one man, boy and horse, will take up three acres per day. It is to be wished that some of your numerous correspondents will give their views and experience upon the subject. The extended production of flax would be of great importance to Maine, and any information upon the subject at this time, would be very valuable, as it is in contemplation to make a market for the flax in the stock, as it comes from the field dried, and for that purpose to erect mills for cleansing it. More anon. Z.

A FINE SALMON, caught at this place on Monday morning of last week, by Mr. Humes, was served up at the Augusta House by "mine host" Mr. Robinson. The first salmon of the season, caught here, was taken about three weeks since by a lucky fisherman on the east side of the river. He sold it for ten dollars, and we believe it was served up at one of the hotels in Portland. One weighing twenty-eight pounds was taken on Monday, by Mr. Humes, and served up at the Mansion House.

DR. H. H. HILL's lecture before the Lyceum on Thursday evening last, was upon the subject of Physiology. It was an interesting and highly instructive performance, and was well received by the large auditory. The Dr., in the course of his lecture, administered to both sexes some very wholesome advice.

AN EGG "AS IS" AN EGG. We have it now!—emphatically an egg "as is" an egg! Mr. Edward Norton, of Gardiner, on Tuesday placed upon our table an egg, the *offspring* of a goose, that beats all the goose eggs we ever met with. It weighs 10½ ounces, and measures 11½ by 9 inches. Think of that, ye ambitious children of the coop, and weep!

FIRE IN RICHMOND. J. T. Southard's carpenter's shop, in Richmond, was consumed by fire on the morning of the 27th ult. Loss estimated at $600—insured for $200. A house and a ship came nigh being destroyed. Mr. Brick and his journeymen, painters, of this town, lost some of their tools, paints, and clothes, which were stored for the night in the shop.

LARGE BULL. The Piscataquis Observer says that Capt. Leonard Robinson, of Foxcroft, owns a bull, two years and three months old, that girts six feet and seven inches, and weighs fifteen hundred pounds. At eight months old he weighed seven hundred and sixty-six pounds. The Observer is of the opinion that this is the largest bull of his age in the State, and is confident that Piscataquis can produce as good stock as any other county in Maine.

BEAR KILLED. The Piscataquis Observer states that a bear was killed in the town of Dover on Tuesday of last week, whose carcase weighed two hundred and ninety-three pounds. He had committed many depredations in the farmers' sheep-folds, but was at last discovered, surrounded in a swamp by some fifty persons, and shot.

COMING EAST. President Taylor, in reply to an invitation, informs the Bostonians that he shall embrace the first suitable opportunity to meet his friends in the city of notions. He will probably be invited to extend his journey as far east as this place, and of course he can't help accepting. He is bound to "surrender" if he comes here—at least, so say numerous fair ones.

VERMONT MAPLE SUGAR. The Green Mountain Freeman estimates the annual maple sugar crop of Vermont at five million pounds. A good deal of sweetening, that. The estimate is founded on the best information at hand, and is probably not far out of the way.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION is in session in this town. The Legislature will assemble next week, and those who wish to read its doings in detail, should send for the Tri-Weekly Age, published at $1,00 for the session.

COMMON SCHOOLS. The friends of common schools throughout the country, propose to hold a national convention at Philadelphia, in August next, and are making efforts to have it numerously attended.

PER CONTRA. The Piscataquis Observer, speaking of the lumbering business the past winter, says that "millions more of lumber have been got out than ever before in one season." This is not in accordance with some other statements we have seen.

CHANGE OF DAYS. The steamer Ocean, until further notice, will leave Hallowell for Boston on Mondays and Thursdays, and the Kennebec will leave Tuesdays and Fridays. They change days monthly.

THE BOSTON EXCELSIOR, one of the best temperance and literary papers in the Union, appears in a new typographical dress and vignette head. Mr. Slack conducts it admirably.

DROWNED. We learn from the Calais Advertiser that, on Monday night of last week, Captain Barter, of St. George, while in a state of intoxication, walked off Granger's wharf, in Calais, and was drowned. He was found on the flats the next morning. He leaves a wife and child.

ACCIDENTS. A little fellow by the name of Bonney was carried by our office yesterday, in search of a doctor, with three of his fingers just cut off as smooth as a razor could do it, by a hay cutter that he had been playing with in a stable near by.

Mr. Bigelow (a law student here) was struck in the face on Tuesday, while walking near the Eastern Depot, by a piece of falling timber, which broke the bridge of his nose, and wounded his face sadly.

A son of Mr. David Robinson, Jr., aged about four years, was run over yesterday, by a horse and carriage, and much injured—cutting his head and shoulder badly. [Portland Argus.

Gathered Fragments.

Luxus Naturæ. The Alexandria Gazette gives the following description of the latest sort of quadruped in the market of wonders: Mr. Henry Williams, of this place, showed us, yesterday, a chicken with *four legs* and a double skull. This singular freak of nature is a great curiosity. The other chickens hatched in the same brood had nothing singular about them.

Pigeons. Immense quantities of pigeons have located themselves in Lewis county, New York. Vast quantities have been shot and otherwise destroyed daily, but there seems to be no diminution of the host.

Seguin Light. Moses M. Haskell, keeper of Seguin Light, has resigned on account of ill health. Capt. James Marson, of Pittston, has been appointed to the place.

Strong Wind. A Western paper says that, in the late gale, the birds were seen hopping about the ground, with all their feathers blown off. We have heard of gales at sea, where it required four men to hold the captain's whiskers on.

The Crops at the South. Papers by the steamer Northerner, from Charleston, confirm the accounts of the destruction of the cotton and grain crops by frost. The cotton crops on the Mississippi were also greatly injured.

Freshet in Lower Canada. In consequence of a great rise of the St. Lawrence, a large portion of the land between Berthier and Quebec, a distance of upward of one hundred miles, was under water. At Three Rivers the inhabitants were sailing through the streets on Thursday last, and the bridges between that place and Quebec had been swept away.

Emancipation. The General Convention of the friends of Emancipation in Kentucky, to which delegates have been appointed from most of the counties of the State, was to assemble yesterday in Frankfort.

Great Fire at Macon. Macon, Georgia, has been visited by a most destructive fire. Upwards of 600 bales of cotton were destroyed. The loss is about $30,000.

Putting Professions to some use. The town of Danvers, at a recent meeting, voted "That each Minister, each Lawyer, and each Doctor, be requested to deliver to the citizens of the town one lecture, at least, each, during the year, on the subjects of Temperance and Gambling."

Catholic College at Worcester. The Legislature of Massachusetts has rejected the application of the Romanists for the Charter of a College at Worcester, by a vote of 117 to 84.

Highly interesting. The Traveller, of Thursday, says that the favorable change in the money market, noticed last week, has continued to the present time. Only *twelve per cent.* is now paid on collateral and corporation notes.

The height of impudence. Taking shelter from a shower in an umbrella shop.

Counting the live stock. An old farmer "out west," was in the nightly habit of counting his live stock, to see whether any had gone astray. Said he to his son, "John, have you counted the hogs?" "Yes, sir." "And the cows?" "Yes, sir." "And the sheep!" "Yes, sir." "And the geese?" "Yes, sir." "And the turkeys?" "Yes, sir." "Well, John, now go and wake up the old hen, and count her, then we'll go to bed!"

It is stated that Father Mathew, who is shortly expected in this country, has recently become quite wealthy, by inheriting the property known as the Castle Lake Distillery, which he broke up and now rents as a corn mill.

The Washington correspondent of the Express writes that Ex-Governor Kent of Maine will receive the appointment of Consul to Rio.

"If you say another crooked word I'll knock your brains out," said a blacksmith to his termagant wife. "Ram's horns, you dog," exclaimed his hopeful helpmate, "Ram's horns, if I die for it!"

Some one, looking at a rich man, said, "Poor man, he toiled day and night until he was forty, to gain his wealth, and he has been watching it day and night, ever since, for his victuals and clothes."

Statistics of Forks and Spoons. A work on the "History of the Precious Metals," recently published in Hartford, (Conn.,) says the value of the Silver Tea-spoons in the United States is estimated at $36,000,000; of Silver Table-spoons $27,000,000; of Silver Forks $4,500,000; and of Plate and dining service $5,500,000.

The ship Mount Wollaston arrived at New-Bedford on Monday, with $20,000 in gold dust, the property of Mr. D. Washburn, a passenger.

Specie and California. According to a correspondent of the New York Eve. Post, the balance of specie trade with California is, so far, very largely against us. This correspondent estimates that *six millions* of dollars in coin, have been taken out to California by emigrants, and that *nine millions* have been expended in outfits for the gold adventurers.

Upwards of nineteen hundred persons, mostly Roman Catholics, signed the Temperance pledge in Montreal, Canada, within four days, on the occasion of the ministerial withdrawal of the Rev. Father Chiniguy.

The county seat of Minesota Territory is called St. Paul. A new paper is about being started there, to be called "The Epistle of St. Paul."

The Cold at Quebec. The cold was so intense at Quebec on Saturday week, that the ice in front of the city was again consolidated, and is now crossed over not only by foot passengers, but by cattle, with as much security as it was a fortnight ago.

The N. Y. Evening Post states that there is a large body of men making a carriage road on the isthmus of Tehuantepec, and that it will be ready in September for travellers.

Radetzky, the Austrian general, who commenced and has just completed the campaign in northern Italy, is eighty-two years of age.

The foundation of the Washington Monument was completed on Friday last, and the laying of the marble work has already commenced.

Mr. James Stoddard, of Bath, Me., had his memorandum book stolen from his pantaloons pocket, at the horse mart in Union st., Boston, on Saturday last. It contained $65 in bank bills and sundry notes of hand.

CHOLERA ON THE RIO GRANDE. A letter from Mr. Durivage to the editors of the New Orleans Picayune, dated Mier, March 24th, gives an appalling account of the ravages of the cholera in the towns along the Rio Grande. He says:

"The cholera has made frightful ravages in this part of the country upon the banks of the Rio Grande. Some small places have been almost depopulated by the fell destroyer. The little town of Roma has suffered most severely, the disorder raging there with the utmost virulence, carrying off all it attacked, with one or two exceptions. Out of a whole population, which cannot exceed forty souls, there have been about ten or twelve deaths; and I learn this morning that several other persons were down with it. It is said that upward of two hundred and fifty have died of the disease in Camargo. We have seen scarcely anything but suffering and death. Yesterday noon we arrived at this place, which has as yet not been visited by the cholera."

Mr. John W. Ricker, the night watch at the Corporation Mills, in this city, was found dead on Saturday morning. It appears that in going over the mills in the night, he missed his way and fell about 30 feet, and was found dead. He was about twenty years of age, and was the support of a widowed mother. [Bangor Courier.

Trouble in Canada—Riot in Montreal.

The intelligence from Canada, for the last three months, remarks the Traveller, has authorized us to expect that the questions which agitate the public councils there, and divide the two races that compose the population, would not be adjusted till a startling outbreak of the mob spirit should manifest the necessity of some measures of conciliation. We were not prepared, however, for such a scene as has occurred, and as is described in the following telegraphic despatch to the New York papers:

MONTREAL, April 26, 6 o'clock, P. M.

Affairs have reached a crisis sooner than was anticipated in this city. At a late hour yesterday afternoon the Governor General went down to the Legislative Council and sanctioned forty-eight bills, amongst which was that for repaying the *Rebellion Losses.* Upon this being made known to the mob outside, the Governor on entering his carriage was pelted with rotten eggs, dirt, &c., amidst a shower of which the Vice Royal Cortege drove off. An egg struck his Excellency in the face.

In a few hours the excitement in the city became uncontrollable, and by seven o'clock printed notices of a mass meeting to be immediately held in the Champ de Mars were issued. Persons were commissioned to alarm the people by driving through the streets in calashes. The fire bells were also brought into execution.

At 8 o'clock, a crowd of 4000 persons or more assembled, and after strong resolutions had been passed, the cry was raised "*to the Parliament buildings!*" The enraged multitude immediately rushed at a run through the streets, and by 9 o'clock the first stone was thrown through a window into the midst of the Legislative Assembly, at the time in full session. A constant shower was kept up into the windows till every thing was smashed. In the mean time the members assembled in the lobby. A band of 25 of the leaders of the mob rushed into the Chambers, and one having placed himself in the Speaker's Chair, announced, "*Gentlemen*, the French Parliament is dissolved."

They then bolted with the mace to present it to Sir Allan McNab, at Donnegana's Hotel. The cry of fire was now raised, and it was soon found that the Parliament Houses were in flames in a hundred places. The fire spread with great rapidity, and in half an hour the buildings were one sheet of flame. The mob had now augmented to 7000, and the burning buildings were surveyed with the most stoical indifference on the part of the spectators. At first the firemen refused to play, and only attempted to save the buildings close by. Everything has been lost—all the archives and records of the Colonies for several hundred years. Not $100 worth of property has been saved. The military were called out and were received with loud cheers on the part of the mob. No fresh disturbances up to the present have taken place.

The population, of all classes and creeds, had determined to *stand by the acts of the past night.* The windows of Mr. Hicks' house were broken by a small section of the rioters. Military guards were placed during the night over all the houses of the Ministers. No lives were lost. Sir Allan McNab, the Hon. W. Badgely, and G. B. Turner, Esq., one of the editors of the Montreal Courier, were cut out of the Parliament House with axes. A message was sent to Monklands, the Governor's residence, a mile or two from the city, and the Governor and family immediately came into the town and are now at Donnegana's. A council was held during the night. One hundred and forty-eight warrants for arrest were issued, among whom it is mentioned are the names of Messrs. Montgomery, Mack Heward, and F. Smith. The St. Andrew's Society met this morning to expel Lord Elgin as Patron of the society. No news yet from the upper Provinces.

MONTREAL, April 26, 6½ o'clock. The excitement amongst the populace is increasing every moment. Five leading Conservatives were arrested on a charge of arson, and after undergoing a short examination before the police magistrates were remanded to jail till to-morrow. Their names are Montgomery, Mace, Heward and Ferris. A multitude, numbering about 3000, accompanied them to prison amidst continued and deafening cheers. They were escorted by a guard of 100 men of the 19th Regiment. The whole garrison are under arms. A memorial to his Excellency Sir Benj. Dunbar, praying him to order the troops to remain in quarter and leave the people to settle their own affairs, is in course of signature, and will be sent down with a deputation to Sorell to-night. A mass meeting takes place in the Champ de Mars at 2 o'clock tomorrow. The Hon Geo. Moffat is to be the Chairman. The French are enrolling themselves as a body guard to protect Lord Elgin. It is rumored that the jail will be burned tonight. Despatches have been sent by telegraph to the upper Provinces. The Government attempted to gain possession of the Canada telegraph wires for the day, but were promptly denied them.

LATER. The following dispatches we find in the Boston papers of Monday morning:

MONTREAL, April 27. Several members of the ministry were severely beaten last night at about nine o'clock.

The mob, numbering several thousands, proceeded to the residences of Dr. Nelson, Messrs. Hincks and Holmes, and destroyed the doors and windows.

The cry was then raised to proceed to Mr. Lafontaine's, the leader of the French party. Upon arriving at his house, (in which his family, however, was not residing,) the multitude set fire to the outbuildings, and destroyed and gutted the house.

After this work had been accomplished, the mob retired, and met the military proceeding to the scene. Three cheers were immediately given to the troops, and both parties passed on.

There was a great meeting today in the *Champ de Mars*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at which resolutions were passed, praying the Home Government to recall Lord Elgin. The speakers recommended the people to refrain from violence, and the meeting dispersed without further outbreak.

The Parliament met today at the Bousecours Market House, but only to adjourn. No business was transacted.

His Excellency, Sir Benjamin Dunbar, commander of the forces, arrived in town this morning.

It is rumored that martial law is to be proclaimed.

No accounts have been received from Upper Canada.

MONTREAL, April 28. There was continued excitement during last night, because the government had armed 500 French constables. There were threats of attack, but they were not fulfilled. This morning the streets are quiet, and Government has disarmed the French constables. Two hundred men of the 71st regiment have come into town, and are quartered in the Bonsecours Market, in the hall used for the Legislative Council, who are at one end. Parliament has passed a resolution to aid in preserving peace. Cannon still remain in the streets, but there is every reason to suppose that the row is over for the present, as political prisoners are bailed and addressed a meeting last night. Two men have been shot in a street row, but not dangerously wounded.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY. The rush to the country this season is beyond all precedent. At this early period, nearly everything in the shape of a tenement is taken up at advanced rents, and the demand for boarding houses on the line of the different railroad routes is much beyond the supply. Houses are disposed of as fast as built, and where, a year or two ago, only a few scattered tenements appeared, now stands a thickly clustered village. It is somewhat amusing, however, to witness the agricultural ardor of some of these new made country gentlemen, especially when they exhibit themselves to the passing stranger, diligently employed with hoe in hand, planting potatoes, &c. with their embroidered dressing gowns floating in the wind. [Traveller.

INCENDIARY PREACHING. We learn that a considerable excitement has recently been created in the border counties south of the Missouri river, in consequence of the preaching of some abolitionists, professedly in the discharge of the duties of the Methodist Episcopal Church north, on the subject of slavery. A large number of colored persons had become dissatisfied with their old religious organization, and had gone over to the "north" division of that church. It is feared that this insiduous attempt to render the Slaves of that portion of the State dissatisfied with their social condition, may lead to serious results.

[St. Louis Union of 13th.

Perseverance Rewarded.

On Wednesday morning, 18th instant, between the hours of one and two o'clock, a rattling was heard at the door of Mr. John Goss, of Danville, which not being immediately answered, the individual who caused the disturbance, took his departure, and next called at the house of Mr. Atwood, of New Gloucester, where a young man by the name of Rowe was awakened, who went to the door, when he was politely requested to take charge of a babe, by a young gent., while he returned to find a trunk which had dropped from behind the chaise. Rowe declined the honor of serving as nurse, on the ground that he was not a member of the family, and presumed Mr. A. had no desire to increase the number of his responsibilities, whereupon the individual proceeded to the house of Mr. Buzzell, where the same modest request was repeated. Mr. B. suggested to the gentleman, that as he had a child, he undoubtedly had a woman in company with him, and requested the gentleman to invite his lady in to take charge of the child, while he returned for the trunk. The gentleman declined the offer, turned on his heel, got into his carriage, and drove to the house of Mr. Cobb. The gentleman was not to be baulked this time. He rapped at the door, and succeeded in rousing Mr. Cobb. Upon Cobb's approaching the door, the unknown personage placed the child upon the step, and took his departure. Cobb saw him pass to the carriage, and mistrusting some game was to be played upon him, went towards his room; in a few minutes he heard the child cry; he went to the door, and took the child into the house. There was one spare dress, and another partly made, accompanying the child. There was also a billet, requesting that whoever received the child, should take the care of a father or mother of it, and stating that they should be rewarded quarterly. It was a female child, apparently three days old. In the morning, Mr. Cobb made application to the selectmen of New Gloucester, who provided a home for the child at M. Withum's.

[Lewiston Journal.

Examination of Higgins.

Andrew J. Higgins, mate of the schooner Falcon, Capt. Parritt, of Steuben, Me., charged with homicide, in causing the death of Godfrey Davis, a colored sailor, at sea, on the 15th of March last, during the passage from Boston to Wilmington, N. C., by beating him in a brutal and cruel manner, underwent an examination, before Alderman Crowell, yesterday afternoon.

Three of the crew of the Falcon—Lafeta, Williams and Jacobs, all colored, and the captain, were heard as witnesses. The sailors were ignorant men, and there were various discrepancies and apparent contradictions in their testimony, particularly as to time and dates. They all agreed, however, as to the beatings inflicted by the mate upon the deceased, who, it appeared, was unfit for duty by reason of frosted hands and feet, and the effects of exposure.

The captain, whose evidence was given in a very intelligible manner, positively contradicted the other witnesses in several things, but their statements concerning the illegal chastisements which they allege the dead man received at the hands of the mate were uncontradicted. The captain was below when the alleged whippings and beatings were given. He testified, though, that he saw blood on the deck where he found Davis lying in a dying state. He also saw blood oozing from his nose.

The deceased was buried at sea the day before the vessel got into Wilmington, the body having become so offensive that it could not be longer kept. The mate, we understand, says that Davis, while at the wheel, was struck by the boom in putting the vessel about, and knocked against the bulwarks, and was thus rendered insensible and never spoke afterwards.

After a hearing, the accused was committed to take his trial at the U. S. Circuit Court. He was likewise ordered to give bail in $300 to answer at the U. S. District Court to the charge of an assault and battery upon Thomas Williams, one of the crew of the Falcon.

[Philadelphia American.

INQUEST. Coroner Pratt held an inquest yesterday on board the schooner Ranger, of Bath, lying near Cambridge bridge, on the body of Capt. William Wade, the master of said schooner, who was found dead in his berth yesterday morning. It appeared by the testimony that he was intoxicated on Friday, and also on Saturday. During Saturday night, he complained of cramp, and called up the mate, who bathed his limbs with spirits. On going to his berth in the morning, the mate found him dead and cold. The jury rendered a verdict that "he came to his death on board the schooner Ranger, Bath, lying at the Mill Dam wharf, between the hours of 10 P. M. on Saturday the 28th, and 4 A. M., on Sunday the 29th April, by a fit caused by intemperance." Capt. Wade belonged to Woolwich, Me., was 39 years of age, and has left a wife and six children. [Boston Atlas, 30th.

BEWARE OF A BANK FRAUD. There is every reason to believe that an attempt is about to be made, under the cover of the unrepealed but broken Wolfborough Bank Charter, New Hampshire, to throw spurious bills of that Bank into a fraudulent circulation, by providing in New York temporary means of redemption. New bills have recently been engraved and it is feared that some of the old ones also, may have gotten into improper hands. The Bank is entirely insolvent—the stock is worthless and there is not one dollar of means in existence for the redemption of any bills upon it, which may be thrown into circulation. [New York Express.

DECIDEDLY RICH. One of the parvenu ladies of our village, but would be wonderfully aristocratic in all domestic matters, was visiting a few days since at Mr. G——'s, (all know the old Major,) when, after tea, the following conversation occurred between the Major's excellent old-fashioned lady and the "top-knot," in consequence of the hired girl occupying a seat at the table.

Mrs. ——. "Why, Mrs. G——! you do not allow your hired girl to eat with you at the table! It's horrible!"

"Mrs. G——. "Most certainly I do. You know this has ever been my practice. It was so when you worked for me—don't you recollect!"

This was a "cooler" to silk and satin greatness, or, as the boys call it, "codfish aristocracy." And after coloring and stammering she answered in a very low voice, "Y-e-s, I b-e-l-i-e-v-e i-t w-a-s," and "eloped." [Jackson Patriot.

QUICK WORK. Moses Wiley, of Bangor, on the 11th ult., with six oxen, no one of which girted 7 feet, hauled on No. 5, R. 11, eleven logs, containing 7083 feet board measure. The time occupied in cutting this load, and hauling it half a mile, was only three hours and forty-five minutes. This was done by the crew of *D. F. Leavitt*, Esq., of this city, and these lumbermen cannot be beat. [Bangor Democrat.

THE DEATH PENALTY. The bill to modify the laws relating to the punishment of the crimes of murder, treason, rape and arson, and providing that capital punishment by hanging shall only apply to cases of murder, came up on Tuesday, on its passage to a third reading. The question was taken by yeas and nays, and resulted in the affirmative by 151 yeas, and 39 nays.

[Boston Journal.

William H. Noble, Engineer, has recently surveyed a route for a Railroad from Dixfield, through Carthage and Weld to Phillips, but found the route impracticable on account of the severe grade. The Phillips folks, with their usual zeal, are determined to get out somewhere, and have engaged the same gentleman to survey a route from Phillips, through Avon, Strong, and Farmington, to intersect with the projected road from Lewiston to Bartlett's Corner. [Farmington Chronicle.

MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, (says the Washington Whig,) still lies in a critical state at the house of Mrs. Frey, in the seven buildings, where, two weeks ago, she was prostrated by a paralytic stroke. The left side is said to be entirely dead. On Monday she was somewhat easier in condition than previously, but cannot be removed to her own house.

CORONER'S INQUEST. An inquest was held on Tuesday last, upon the body of James O'Connel, who was found dead, in this town, near the residence of Jordan Stanford. Mr. O'Connel had been absent from his friends about six weeks. The verdict of the Jury was, cause of death unknown. [Gardiner Fountain.

Mr. Clay is to deliver the address before the Ohio State Agricultural Fair in September next.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER CAMBRIA.

The Cambria arrived at Boston on Friday morning. We copy from the Traveller:

We publish below a letter from our English correspondent, which will be found to contain a very comprehensive and satisfactory summary of the news of the week.

LIVERPOOL, April 14, 1849.

ENGLAND. The West India mail steamship Clyde, arrived at Southampton on the 8th, bringing accounts from Panama to the 24th of February and Chagres to the 1st of March.

The Clyde had nearly one million of dollars worth of American gold and silver coin on freight.

The English papers publish full details of the news, confirming the most extravagant accounts of the gold diggings.

The flattering news brought by the American steamers, of abundance of money, cheap discount, and low rate of exchange, has had a favorable effect.

The official accounts of the Board of Trade, relating to the trade and navigation of the United Kingdom for the two months ending the 5th March, have been published and are very satisfactory.

The imports into the United Kingdom during the two months, exhibit a large increase, compared with the corresponding periods of former years.

Owing to a renewal of hostilities between Denmark and Germany, several vessels have sought refuge in Cowes roads.

On the 11th inst. a grand complimentary entertainment was given Mr. Cobden by his constituents, in celebration of his return to Parliament.

The reply of the United States Government to enquiries made by the British Charge d'Affairs, respecting the proposed relaxation of the British Navigation Laws, has been published, and presented to the House of Commons.

The reply states that a pacific proposal had been made by the President of the United States to the British Government, through Mr. Bancroft, by a note addressed to Lord Palmerston, dated 3d Nov., 1847, to conclude a treaty, provided, "that British ships could trade from any port in the world to any port in the United States, and be received, protected, and in respect to charges and duties treated like American ships, if reciprocally. American ships could, in like manner, trade from any part of the world to

TURKEY. The following important news has been received from Constantinople:

There have been changes in the Ministry, by which Suhiman Pasha, the great enemy of Russia, has become Minister of War.

The Turks have seized a Russian Custom House, and are administering the affairs themselves.

It is stated that the Egyptian army are coming up; in fact, every thing looks warlike.

DENMARK. Hostilities have recommenced between Denmark and the insurgents of Schleswig-Holstein with greater fury than ever. Negotiations were abruptly terminated by the renewal of hostilities, without any distinct intimation on the part of the belligerents.

The Danes made an attack on the morning of the 3d, as soon as the armistice had expired, but were defeated, and sustained a trifling loss.

On the morning of the 5th a second attack was made by the Danish squadron, consisting of a line-of-battle ship of 86 guns, a frigate of 48, a corvette, and three steamers of war, which entered the Bay of Echernford and opened a fire against the batteries of the town. The fire was returned, and a cannonade ensued which lasted eight hours. One of the steamers got crippled, and soon made off. The ship ran aground, and the frigate had her rudder shot away. The Danish Admiral sent a flag of truce on shore, demanding the batteries to cease fire, and he would withdraw and spare the town. The commanding officer did not exactly tell him that he "never surrendered," but replied, that he might do as he pleased; every ball he had was destined for his ships.

A flag of truce went backward and forwards for about two hours, when the firing re-commenced. In meantime, hot shot had been prepared, and when the cannonade commenced it was so violent that the batteries were literally shot to pieces. In an hour the frigate struck her colors, soon followed by the ship of the line, which took fire and exploded with frightful loss of life.

The colors of the batteries were twice shot down, and re-hoisted. The Admiral and officers delivered up their arms, and the men came on shore prisoners.

The Christian 8th, 86 gun frigate, had 800 men on board, of whom nearly 700 were taken prisoners, the remainder killed and wounded. The Gifion, 44 gun frigate, had 300 men, of whom 100 were made prisoners, and 200 killed and wounded.

The Christian 8th, during the combat, fired 68 broadsides of 42 shots.

The whole operation on the part of the Danes was most rashly conceived, and unskilfully executed. There is no desponding. Measures have been taken to fit out immediately one frigate and two line-of-battle ships carrying 80 guns each, to be ready for sea by the 16th.

AUSTRIA. Last accounts from Vienna state that battles actually took place between the Austrians and Hungarians along the whole line of operations on the 5th instant, that the Hungarian chief had attacked and beaten the Austrians, and captured 17 cannons.

The city of Bruscia has been re-captured by the Austrians after an obstinate resistance. A contribution of 3,000,000 livres has been imposed on the inhabitants. The Austrians have evacuated Piedmont, and the affairs of Italy are likely to be settled by the arrangement proposed by the French and English Governments.

RUSSIA. The withdrawal of the Russian troops from the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, is considered out of the question—let England and France protest, it will only help matters along.

The Russians cannot in honor withdraw, their military reputation would be too much compromised. The Russians have had their soldiers quartered on the Turkish peasants since the month of November, and have forced them to supply food and fuel without paying a piastre for it.

It is said that the clergy in these provinces have been instructed to include His Majesty, the Emperor Nicholas, in the public prayers of the church.

LATER FROM HUNGARY. *Capture of Cronstadt —Great Battle between the Austrians and Hungarians.* The London Shipping List of the latest date contains an extract from the *Gazette de Breslau*, which announces that the Hungarian General Bem, had taken possession, on the 20th of March, of the city of Cronstadt, without opposition. The Austrian and Russian garrison retired into Wallachia.

On the 20th of March the Austrians, under Gen. Welden, specially despatched from Vienna for that purpose, attempted to take Comorn by assault, but were driven back as far as Gran with great loss, the ground being covered with dead bodies.

The garrison secured a great part of the siege artillery, and took an entire batallion prisoners, after having chased the enemy twelve miles. An entire batallion of Italians deserted to the Hungarians immediately after the battle.

Another letter, dated Peath, April 3, says: "Yesterday more than 100 wagons have come into town loaded with wounded Austrians. The Austrians have lost 4000 men in their attacks on Comorn."

From the Isthmus.

Mr. G. A. Rhodes, who left this city on the 4th of February for California, via the Isthmus, returned in the Falcon, leaving Chagres on the 1st of April, and arriving at New York on the 15th. Mr. Rhodes and his party went on as far as Gorgona, 42 miles from Chagres, and there remained while a deputation went forward to Panama to see what chance there was for passages to California. The delegation returned, and reported that there had been a meeting of those waiting at Panama for a passage to San Francisco, and that about 1,200 persons had enrolled their names as such; and that of these, *two hundred* persons had exhausted their funds, and were unable to go on or return home. This meeting was held on the 10th of March; and many of those who attended it had January tickets, which they took at New York; but it was thought that there was no chance of getting through until May, if even then.

Mr. Rhodes, like nearly every other visitor to the Isthmus, speaks in terms of open condemnation of the conduct of the American Consul at Panama. His great object seems to be to fill his own pockets at the expense and inconvenience of those whom he is appointed to assist and protect. He is accused of boarding vessels bound up the coast, and buying up the berths at moderate rates and retailing them out at enormous profits. Mr. Rhodes anticipates that dreadful suffering and crime will follow the extreme destitution to which hundreds of emigrants will be reduced while waiting at Panama for conveyance to San Francisco.

[Traveller.

TEMPERANCE LAW OF WISCONSIN. A remarkably stringent bill in relation to the sale of intoxicating drinks has recently passed the Legislature of Wisconsin. It requires all persons who would vend or retail "spirituous liquors," to give bond to the town authorities, with three sureties, in $1000, "conditioned to pay all damages the community or individuals may sustain by reason of such traffic; to support all paupers, widows and orphans; pay the expenses of all civil and criminal prosecutions made, growing out of, or justly attributable to such traffic." And it is made the duty of the officer holding the bond to deliver it to "any person who may claim to be injured by said traffic."

The bill passed the Senate by a vote of 10 to 3, and the Assembly 29 to 21. We believe no other legislative body in the United States has taken so decided a stand on the subject of spirituous liquors as Wisconsin. [N. Y. Courier.

THE DEATH OF A FOOL. A young man in Weston, Missouri, by the name of Deitz, recently killed himself by drinking brandy on a wager with a pot companion, as to who could drink the most liquor. Deitz took a pint of brandy, swallowed it, almost immediately fell back senseless and died. Every body will say, he died as the fool dieth. And yet, there are multitudes of young men in this city who will just as surely, though not perhaps as quickly, kill themselves in testing the question whether they or their companions can drink the most spirituous liquor—as did this madman, Deitz. Indeed, the achme of the ambition of many is, to be able to drink their companions drunk; and the reputation of wine bibbers is graduated by the quantity one can drink and not fall into the gutter. Thus it is with "highly respectable and very genteel young men." This noble ambition in multiplied instances, ends in the death of its subject, if not as suddenly, as surely as though a sufficient quantity were drank to destroy life at once. [Boston Traveller.

Grace Suthgate; Or, The Orphan Daughter.

[CONCLUDED FROM FOURTH PAGE.]

"Nancy, will you draw that curtain?—I would not look on my father's grave to-night," said Grace Suthgate, sorrowfully, as the nimble fingers of her friend were busily twining a pink wreath among her black tresses, preparatory to the bridal.

Nancy stepped lightly across the parlor, and drew the curtain; then returning she said, "Come now, Grace, look in the glass and see if I haven't fixed your hair beautifully—I m so glad you let me get that white frock, for James would have thought you did not care for him, if you hadn't fixed up a little."

"It's very pretty," said Grace, going to the glass, and smiling a sad smile of patient endurance, "I could wear this, or anything to please you."

"That's my own sweet sister," exclaimed Nancy, kissing her gaily.

"*Sister*—oh yes, you have been more than that to me, Nancy."

"Not that, but my *real* sister," said the happy girl, clasping her hand over the bride's neck, and looking roguishly into her eyes.

Grace turned away to hide the anguish of her heart. Nancy thought her friend had a strange way of being happy, for she had no idea that any one could be otherwise on her wedding night.

"Grace never did laugh and talk like other folks," she said to herself, as she stood by the glass, twisting her own bright curls round her fingers, and arranging them about her rosy face; but her thoughts soon took a new direction.

"Don't you think it odd that James didn't ask father and ma'am to the wedding? I'm sure I don't see what makes him private about it; I don't suppose father would come, for he's too sick; but I should have thought brother might have asked him."

"Nancy," said the bride, with sudden animation, "does your father know of—of—what is to happen here to-night?"

"I'm sure I can't tell—James told me not to say a word about it, but I suppose they'll be as mad as fire at me, if I don't—I'll tell you what it is, I've a good mind to run home now, and jest give father a sly hint—but there comes James and the minister up the road now; never mind, I can sly out the back door;" and without further deliberation, Nancy threw a shawl over her head, and, gathering up the skirt of her white dress, started on her expedition.

Hinman and his companion must have loitered on the way, for it was full twenty minutes after Nancy's departure, before they entered the house. Hinman left the divine in the kitchen, while he went to the parlor in search of his bride. She, poor thing, had been schooling her heart for his reception. Meekly, and without any signs of repugnance, she allowed him to draw a seat to her side and to take her hand in his.

"I am happy to see you so composed," he said, passing his arm gently around her waist—"the clergyman is in the next room—may I call him in now?—but where is Nancy?"

"She has stepped out, but will return directly," answered the victim, in a low, patient voice, though her heart was almost bursting with suppressed anguish.

"No matter—a few minutes can be of no consequence," replied Hinman, though he was secretly annoyed at the delay.

Grace timidly withdrew her shrinking form from his arm, and arose, for her powers of self command were leaving her. Emboldened by the unresisting gentleness of her manner, Hinman also left his seat, and while still retaining her hand in his, he threw his arm again around her waist, and drawing her suddenly to his bosom, pressed a kiss on her lips. The poor bride struggled a moment, as if she had been girt by the coil of a serpent; a shiver ran through her frame, and she lay fainting in his arms.

Hinman laid the insensible girl on the sofa, and went calmly into the kitchen for water. He had placed his arm under her head, and was sprinkling her face, when the door suddenly opened, and his father entered, followed by Nancy. It was no wonder young Hinman dropped the pale head from his arm, and sprang upon his feet in the astonishment of the moment, for never was human being so changed as was the man before him.

His tall, robust form had fallen away, till his clothes hung loosely on his limbs, as if they had been made for a much larger person. His hair, but a few months before scarcely tinged with silver, now hung in thick gray masses over his forehead; his eyes were sunken, and the skin lay in wrinkles on his lean cheeks, formerly so fat and ruddy. His whole appearance was that of a man who had suffered inprisonment for a long season. Nancy Hinman stood behind him, with her hair blown about her face, and her white dress wet with dew.

"Leave the room," said the old man, turning toward her. He waited till the door was closed, and then advanced sternly toward his son, on whom he fixed his sunken eyes, with deep and threatening meaning.

"Dared you to think of marrying *her*?" he demanded, pointing to the insensible Grace.

James was about to speak. The old man prevented him. "Don't open your lips, but leave the house."

Hinman drew himself up, and haughtily returned his father's glance—"I am of age," he said, "and shall act my own pleasure."

The old man's face became bloodless—he cast a rapid glance around the room, and then advancing close to his son, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and whispered a few words in his ear. James Hinman sprang from under his father's hand, as if it had contained an instrument of death. His face was colorless, and he stood cowering and trembling like a whipped hound, under the old man's eye.

"Go," said the father, pointing sternly to the door, "go—I wouldn't have your blood on my head—go!"

Hinman walked to the door. He was about to open it, when the old man turned and stretched his arms towards him. His thin lips trembled, and tears ran over his wrinkled cheeks.

"James," he said in a broken voice, "James, I will never see you again on this side the grave; take this, and if there's any good in you, repent of your sinful doings;" and, placing a shot-bag half full of silver in his discarded son's hand, he turned away, covered his face and wept aloud.

When Grace opened her eyes, James Hinman had gone, and his father was kneeling before the sofa on which she lay.

"Grace Suthgate," said the old man, "I have treated you most cruelly. I have been sick and did not know of what was passing out of doors, or I'd never have let things go so far. It's a hard thing to turn agin one's own flesh and blood. It's like death to me to say it, but Grace Suthgate, it was my son, my only son, that killed your father. No wonder you start and stare so wildly; no wonder; who would have thought it of him, that I used to be so proud of, when he was a little fellow, following me to the meadow, when I went out a mowing, and bringing my dinner and a bitter-bottle, when I sat down to rest; who'd have thought that he'd shoot a man down before my eyes!"

Here the wretched old man buried his face in his hands, and sobbed till the room was filled with his voice of mourning. After awhile, he raised his face.

"I hav'nt slept a night since I knew it; you've been in trouble, but look here—has sorrow taken off your flesh like that!"

He held his hand before the light; the skin was shriveled, and his long, bony fingers seemed almost fleshless.

"I never expected to come out agin, and I shut myself up alone that I need not see the boy as he passed in and out; but I shall feel easier, now that I've told you the truth. I believe I should have died, if I'd kept pining over it alone; but now I feel better. But I'll tell you just all I know about the wicked deed, and then if you've a mind to complain agin the boy, I can't find fault; but it will kill me and the poor old woman, and little Nancy, that thinks so well of him yet."

Grace strove to comfort the poor old farmer. She assured him that she would take no measures against his son, and that the secret of his crime should never be divulged, except to Henry Blair. This promise tranquilized the old man; and, before he left her, she had gathered from him all that he knew of her father's death.

On the morning of the murder, Nancy Hinman had called on some errand to her friend, and had entered the parlor in search of her, just as Blair was assisting her to nail the honeysuckle to the window, where she accidentally heard the conversation, in which it was settled that Mr. Suthgate's consent for the union of the cousins should be asked, while the uncle and nephew were at their sport. With girlish love of fun, Nancy stole out of the house unnoticed, resolving in her heart to torment Grace about her love scene, the first time she could find her alone. While going home, she met her brother, and, in the careless gaiety of her heart, related the conversation she had heard, and described the laughable predicament of poor Blair, when the honeysuckle broke loose over him. Having shared her merry thoughts she tripped home, ignorant of the train of evils she had lighted. James was equipped for a day's shooting, when he met his sister, and proceeded alone to the hills. Solitude to him served only to engender evil thoughts. The indignity he had received from Blair, rankled in his heart, and his sister's narrative served to mature an indistinct wish to be revenged, into a determined resolution. Though Hinman was a villain, his predominating passion was vanity; he coveted money more because it enabled him to gratify his inordinate self-love, than from any inherent passion in the abstract. This leading feature in his character, had been outraged by Blair, and deeply mortified by Miss Suthgate's refusal. He had loved Grace as far as he was capable of loving anything, and the thought that she had rejected him for Blair, his enemy, aroused all the feelings of bitterness and malice that strongly characterized him. He resolved to see Grace once more; and if she still remained obstinate in her refusal, to—— he dared not think plainly to himself, what he intended to do, but thoughts of murder lay deep in his heart. "She shall never be his," he muttered between his clenched teeth, as he entered the house where Grace was alone. In what state of mind he departed, we have before related.

Old Hinman had, on that afternoon, been mowing in Mr. Suthgate's meadow; the day was warm, and the old man had laid down his scythe, and went up the brow of the hill to drink of a spring whose waters he knew to be pure and limpid. As he was balancing himself on his hands and knees, with his lips to the water, he heard a crackling of brushwood near by, and, on looking up, he saw his son James a few paces from him; and, farther on, a man, whom he supposed from his cap to be young Blair, with his head turned, as if looking at something in a distant tree. Just above him stood another man with a hat on, whom he took to be Mr. Suthgate, but whose back was toward him. He saw him raise his gun as if to discharge it in the air. Turning to look on his son, at the instant, he saw him raise his piece, and take deliberate aim at the man on the rock. Before he could speak, both guns mingled their sounds in a simultaneous discharge. The man on the rock gave a sudden spring, and turned his face. The horror stricken parent heard his son exclaim, "By all the furies, I have mistaken my man;" and then saw him dash into the brushwood, through which he took a circuitous route to where the body was lying. The appalled father heard young Blair utter a cry of terror, as he rushed down the hill, and he knew that the youth supposed himself the accidental murderer. All this happened in a minute's time. The old man saw it all. Can it be wondered at, if he shrunk from exposing the crime of his first-born! Is it strange that, thinking the violent death of his neighbor would be considered accidental, he shut himself up, and there pined, with concealed sorrow, ignorant of all that passed between that fearful day of his son's guilt, and that scarcely less awful night when the murderer sought to marry the orphan of his victim!

* * * * * * *

Gentle reader—suppose six years have passed, and permit me to change the scene from the Androscoggin, to the drawing-room of a wealthy and promising young lawyer, in Boston. It was elegantly furnished—books and prints lay about, tho' centre-tables were not then in fashion—numerous paintings which the connoisseurs pronounced as gems, lined the wall, and a rich Brussels carpet covered the floor. Before the fire which burned cheerfully on the marble hearth, sat a lady habited in a black satin dress. She was reading in a large easy chair, with one little foot resting on an ottoman, and the other half buried in the nap of a superb rug. So elegantly rounded was her form, and so smooth was her cheek, that it would seem almost impossible that she could be mother to the beautiful children, who sat a little back, playing on the carpet. One, a fine manly boy, of four years, with dark curly hair, bright black eyes, a bold forehead, and a most mischievous smile, contrasted beautifully with the little girl at his feet, in a pink frock and white pantalets, who raised her soft blue eyes, and shook back her sunny hair, with such a graceful motion, as the baby man strove to make her understand an assertion he had been making.

"Mamma, mamma, is not sister named after you?" cried the little fellow, running to the lady by the fire, and leaning across her lap, while the little girl clambered up behind her seat, and putting her tiny hand on the comb which confined her mother's hair, bent her rosy face over, and whispered coaxingly, "Mamma, may I?"

Before the mother could answer, the comb was brandished in the air, and down came a shower of tresses over her wrought lace cap.

"Oh, Grace, you rogue," exclaimed the mother, reaching her hand back, and patting the little girl's cheek. "Well, master Henry, what were you inquiring of me!"

"Only, mamma—," the sentence was not finished, for that moment the door opened, and our old friend Henry Blair, entered. The children ran forward to meet him, and his beautiful wife stood blushing and laughing at the figure she made, with the ottoman overturned on the rug, and her hair hanging like a veil almost to her feet.

Blair seemed uncommonly serious. He took a seat, and lifting the little girl to his knee, kissed her; and then, turning to his wife, he said, "Grace, you know I was called upon to advocate the cause of a man imprisoned on various charges of forgery; his trial is over."

"And what is the result!" inquired Grace, stopping on her way to the glass.

"He is convicted, and sentenced on different indictments, to twelve years in the state-prison; but you know this person, Grace; his name is not French, but——."

"James Hinman!" exclaimed Grace, dropping the hair she had gathered up, and drawing close to her husband, as if there was danger in the name.

"It is no other," replied Blair, "but he is so much altered in appearance, you would hardly know him."

"I hope that his father and dear Nancy will not hear of his arrest," said his wife seating herself, and gazing thoughtfully on the fire; "bad as he was, they loved him; and now the old man is growing more happy, and Nancy is married, it would entirely unsettle them again."

"His change of name will prevent his trial getting abroad," replied Blair, but his wife did not hear him; her thoughts were with her father's grave, on the banks of the Androscoggin.

EXTRAORDINARY SURGICAL OPERATION. We learn from the News, that Dr. Warren, of this city, recently took from the stomach of an Irish girl at the Massachusetts General Hospital, by means of an incision, a tape worm *forty-one feet and eleven inches in length!* The operation was performed while the sufferer was under the influence of ether. She observed, on coming to her senses, "Oh! I have had a pleasant dream, and feel relieved!" The wound was dressed with great care, and she has scarcely complained of pain since the operation. This, we are told, is the only case on record where the tape worm has been literally cut from the human stomach.

[Boston Journal.

NATURAL CURIOSITY. At a sugar place the other day we were shown an interesting fact. A bass-wood tree was cut down which had been entirely and deeply girdled for one or two years. Below the girdle it was entirely dead, while above, it had remained green and flourishing. The cause of this phenomenon was a mystery, till, removing the bark below the girdle, which was perhaps eighteen inches from the ground, it was found that shoots had been sent out from under the bark above the girdle, across that cut, and down between the dead bark and the tree, then dividing into a great number of branches, it extended into the ground. By this contrivance the tree, about eight inches through, had obtained its sap and prolonged its life.

[Hallowell Republican.

WHO TENDS THE "SWITCH" AT SACO! We have been told a good one of Jones and Smith. The discussion was at Portland, relative to railroads, as preventive of storms, by equalizing the amount of electricity in the air. Jones, to illustrate, brought up the following example. "Suppose," said he, "that the lightning should strike the rail in Portland, it would go to Boston, of course." "No it wouldn't!" objected Smith, "the man at Saco would switch it off!" Jones was non-plussed. [Belfast Journal.

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	5 50 @ 7 00	Round Hogs,	7 00 @ 8 00
Beans,	1 00 @ 1 38	Clr Salt Pork,	8 @ 10
Corn,	67 @ 70	Dried Apples,	4 @ 5
Oats,	30 @ 32	Cooking do.	30 @ 40
Wheat,	1 00 @ 1 10	Winter do.	50 @ 75
Rye,	85 @ 1 00	Potatoes,	65 @ 75
Butter,	12 @ 17	Clover Seed,	13 @ 14
Lard,	8 @ 9	Flax Seed,	1 00 @ 1 00
Cheese,	7 @ 8	H. Grass,	2 75 @ 3 00
Mutton,	3 @ 4	Red Top,	75 @ 80
Chickens,	9 @ 10	Hay, loose,	7 00 @ 9 00
Geese,	5 @ 6	Lime,	1 00 @ 1 00
Eggs,	11 @ 12	Fleece Wool,	25 @ 32
Corn Meal,	80 @ 85	Pulled do.	00 @ 28
Rye Meal,	1 00 @ 1 10	Prime winter skins,	67

BRIGHTON MARKET, April 26.

At market 680 Beef Cattle, 24 pairs Working Oxen, 53 Cows and Calves, 450 Sheep, 4600 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra. $6,75; first quality, $6,50; second, $6,00; third, $5,50 @ $5,75.

WORKING OXEN.—Sales at $97, $100, and $125.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sales at $19, $25, $32, and $38.

SHEEP.—Sales from $3,00 to $4,00.

SWINE.—4 @ 5½c; retail, 6 @ 7½c.

BOSTON MARKET, April 30.

FLOUR.—Sales of Genesee, common brands, $5,25; Ohio and Michigan, $5,00 @ $5,12½; Ohio round hoop, $4,75 @ $4,87½; St. Louis, $4,75 @ $4,87½.

GRAIN.—Sales of yellow flat Corn at 58 @ 59c; and white at 52 @ 53c. Northern Oats, 39 @ 40. Delaware, 35 @ 36c. Rye, 68c per bushel, cash.

HAY.—Country hay, per 100 lbs., 65 @ 70c. Screwed hay per cargo per ton $10 00 @ 11 00; at retail per hundred, 60 @ 65c.

☞ *The Hungarian Balsam of Life*, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, and known as the Great English Remedy, will speedily and effectually cure that fearful malady, Consumption, in some of its most dangerous forms—and in all ordinary diseases of the pulmonary organs, it is the most perfect and admirable remedy that can possible be used.

Pamphlets respecting this Great English Remedy may be had gratis of J. E. LADD and DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB, only agents in Augusta. 25

Hymeneal.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

In this town, April 22d, by Rev. Mr. Judd, Mr. CHESTER S. SMITH to Miss LOVINA P. CLARK.

In China, March 21, by J. Greely, Esq., Mr. IRA MORE to Miss ARVILLA AMANDA PULLEN.

In Hallowell, Mr. WILLIAM S. KING to Miss LUCY ANN SNELL.

In Brunswick, Mr. I. H. MELCHER to Miss MARIE MORSE.

In Waldoboro, Capt. LEWIS WINCHINBAUCH to Miss MARY E. DEMUTH.

In Whitefield, Mr. WM. H. MANNING, to Miss RUTH ANN LABAREE.

In Fairfield, Mr. JOS. E. JOY of Portsmouth, N. H., to Miss MARIA D. ELLIS.

In Waterville, Mr. CHAS. T. WHITNEY of Plymouth, to Miss MARTHA C. THAYER.

In Freedom, Mr. B. B. STEVENS of Unity, to Miss ANNICE C. AYER.

In Lewiston, Mr. N. WITHAM of Oldtown, to Miss MARY F. McKENNA.

In Lewiston, Mr. DANIEL MAXWELL of Windham, to Miss ABBY MOOAR; Mr. CHRISTOPHER GETCHELL to Miss EMMA MOOAR.

In Bath, Mr. JAMES MITCHELL to Miss MARY JANE OWEN.

In Topsham, Mr. JOHN WOODARD of Lisbon, to Miss MARY ANN HIGGINS.

Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

In Chesterville, April 18th, HENRY WHITNEY, aged 81 years 8 months. [Portland papers please copy.]

In Bangor, April 24th, JOHN A. DAVIS, youngest son of Dr. Joshua Davis, aged 15.

Lost overboard, April 17th, in the Kennebec river, from brig Harriet Newell, THOS. J. HOLLIS of New Sharon, seaman.

In Salem, HANNAH BLAKE, wife of Robert Blake, aged 54.

In Richmond, JOSIAH GORHAM, a revolutionary soldier, aged 88.

In Fairfield, JONATHAN B. FREEMAN, aged 23.

In New Orleans, March 27, of cholera, Dr. JOHN A. HERSEY, formerly of Farmington, aged 60.

In Norridgewock, DRUSILLA HASKELL, wife of J. Haskell, aged about 35; SARAH BRAWN, aged 19.

In Thomaston, WILLIAM COLE, aged 61.

In Thomaston, Capt. SAMUEL HICKS, aged 64.

In Dover, SALINA JANE SANFORD, wife of Reuel W. Sanford, aged 25.

In Kennebunkport, ABBA W. KIMBALL, daughter of Abraham Kimball, aged 22.

In Kittery, DEBORAH DUNCAN, widow of Samuel Duncan, aged 78.

MARINE LIST—AUGUSTA.

ARRIVED.

April 24, Schr. Mary, Thompson, Boston.
Planet, Lincoln, do.
Unledonia, Brown, Portland.
25, Arowsic, Morse, New York.
Gannett, Snow, do.
Odd Fellow, Bean, Boston.
26, Concert, French, Truro.
Rough & Ready, Snowman, Georgetown.
30, Andrew Jackson, Pierce, Thomaston.
Henry Nason, Smith, Bath.
Alice, Bowler, Portland.
Noble, Preble, Georgetown.
Melissa, Cotton, do.
Florida, Oliver, Boston.
Brig Thoosa, Gove, Boston.

CLEARED.

April 25, Schr. Gazelle, Pool, Boston.
Mary, Thompson, do.
Planet, Lincoln, do.
May Flower, Stinchfield, Portland.
Herald, Parker, Gloucester.
26, Harriet Ann, Soule, Boston.
27, Gannett, Snow, Thomaston.
Arowsic, Morse, Bath.
30, Rough & Ready, Snowman, Georgetown.
Melissa, Cotton, do.

STATE OF MAINE.

KENNEBEC SS.—At a Justice Court, held before me, B. A. G. FULLER, Esq., a Justice of the Peace for said county, at my office, in Augusta, in said county, April 28, 1849—GARDINER PHILLIPS, of said Augusta, wheelwright, plaintiff, *Vs.* GEORGE CONY, 2D, formerly of said Augusta, yeoman, defendant; Writ dated March 30, 1849—The action to be brought on an obligation dated Sept. 7, 1848, for thirty-five dollars, payable in sawed oak timber, at a certain time and price.

And now it appearing to me, the said Justice, that personal property has been attached on the writ in this case, and that the defendant was not at that time and is not now an inhabitant of this State, and having no agent or attorney within the same. It is ordered, That the Plaintiff give notice to the defendant, of the pending of this suit, by causing this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed at said Augusta, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before Saturday, the second day of June next, to which time this action is continued, that he may then appear at my office at 10 o'clock A. M., and answer to the same if he see cause.

BENJ. A. G. FULLER,
18 *Justice of the Peace.*

JOSEPH P. WOODBURY'S PATENT PLANING MACHINE,

A Great Improvement in Planing, Tonguing and Grooving Lumber.

THE subscriber having received Letters Patent for a Stationary Cutter, Planing, Tonguing and Grooving Machine, now offers for sale Machines and Rights to use the same. This machine will plane 6,000 feet of boards to any uniform thickness, in one hour; producing a better finished surface than it is possible to plane by any other means now known, not excepting the hand plane, and is peculiarly adapted to plane and joint chapboards or weather boarding, and will do the work faster and better than any machine heretofore invented. This machine is so arranged that it planes the board with an unbroken shaving the whole width and length of the material, and does not take more than two-thirds the power that is required to do an equal amount of work by the Rotary Cutting Cylinder, now in common use. The construction and organization of this Machine is different from any other now in use. Communications for further particulars cheerfully responded to by addressing the subscriber, (post paid,) Boston, Mass.

One of the above Planing Machines may be seen in operation by calling on the Patentee.

JOSEPH P. WOODBURY.
1y18

FLAX SEED.

THE subscriber will in the course of a few days receive a quantity of FLAX SEED, for disposal to farmers that will sow it. Early applications for the same will be acceptable. The terms will be accommodating.

ISAAC GAGE, *North of State House.*
Augusta, May 1, 1849. 18

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers under the firm of D. ALDEN & CO., expired by limitation on the 24 day of April inst. The settlement of the affairs of the late firm will be attended to by JONATHAN PIERCE, at the old stand.

DARIUS ALDEN,
JONA. PIERCE.
Augusta, April 6, 1849. 18

GRANITE HALL,

Water street, Augusta.

JONATHAN PIERCE, at the old stand of D. ALDEN & CO., will keep constantly on hand a general assortment of **Hats, Caps,** and every other article usually sold in his department. He invites the patronage of the old customers of the late firm, and of all others who wish to purchase an excellent article at a low price. 18tf April 16, 1849.

FARM FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a Farm situated in Albion, on the main road leading from Augusta to Bangor, 7 miles from Waterville, 1½ from China Village. Said Farm contains 50 acres of good land, with the buildings thereon; it is well divided into tillage, pasture, mowing and woodland. The Farm is well watered in every respect. Any one wishing to purchase a pleasant location, will do well to call and examine the premises. For further particulars enquire of the subscriber on the premises.

ABISHA WASHBURN.
April 30, 1849. 18

NOTICE.

THIS is to certify that my son, JOHN GREELY, left my house, on April 7th, 1849, without sufficient cause; I do hereby forbid all persons trusting or harboring him on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date.

LEVI GREELY.
Mt. Vernon, April 20, 1849. 18

W. J. KILBURN & Co.

HAVE JUST OPENED an Entire New Stock of Rich *Shawls, Dress and House Keeping Goods*, comprising every variety of style of Late Spring Importations, to which they invite the attention of purchasers. This stock embraces the LARGEST and MOST DESIRABLE assortment of

English, French and American Goods.

They have ever been able to exhibit. Fashionable Long and Square Shawls, New and Rich Styles Dress Goods, Woolen Goods, Linen Goods, House Keeping and Mourning Goods, White Goods, Domestic Goods, Sup. and Low Priced English, French, German and American CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, and VESTINGS. A great variety of *Clothe for Boys' Clothes.* Hosiery, Gloves, &c. &c., and almost every thing usually found in Dry Goods Stores; all of which will be sold at a small advance, *or as low as can be bought at any other Store.*

Augusta, May 2d, 1849. 1a3w18

SHORT HORN DURHAM CATTLE AT AUCTION.

THE subscriber being about disposing of 50 acres of his farm for public purposes, will offer at public sale, 30 head of Short Horn Durham Cattle, (being about one-half of his present herd,) at his farm, 21 miles from this city, on the **13th day of June next,** at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, consisting of yearling, two year and three year old heifers and cows, and 11 young bulls from 10 months to 2½ years old. Great care has been observed and considerable expense incurred in selecting and breeding this stock with reference to purity of blood and dairy qualities. The awards of the New York State Agricultural Society and the New York American Institute attest the estimation in which this stock is held wherever it has been exhibited for competition.

About 9 head of the above cattle are a purchase made from E. P. Prentice, Esq., of Albany, last May, being all the Short Horns of that gentleman, and the product of his four selected cows retained at his public sale. These animals possess the strain of blood of the herd of Mr. Witaker, of England, from whom Mr. Prentice made his principal importations. The other portion of the lot of young animals partake largely of the blood of the celebrated herd of Thos. Bates, Esq., of Yorkshire, England, from whom my importations have been derived. They are mostly of the get of my imported bull, Duke of Wellington, and premium bull, Meteor

The heifers and cows are and will be mostly in calf by these bulls.

For the information of Southern gentlemen who may desire to introduce Durham stock in that region, and who entertain the opinion that that climate is incongenial to its successful propagation there, I here introduce an extract of a letter I received from A. G. Summer, Esq., Editor of the South Carolinian, dated Columbia, 25th January, 1849:

"The bull you sold Col. Hampton, of this State, gives him great satisfaction; he is a fine animal, and I only wish you could see some twenty head of his get now in his yard. They are the most superb yearlings ever bred in the South."

The pedigree of this stock and further particulars will be issued one month previous to the sale.

A credit of from six to eighteen months will be given on notes.

GEO. VAIL.
Troy, N. Y., May 1, 1849. 18

NEW WATER CURE ESTABLISHMENT AT GORHAM, MAINE.

THE subscriber has taken that beautiful and eligible situation, in Gorham, Maine, known as the *Woodbury Estate*, which he has fitted up for a WATER CURE ESTABLISHMENT, and which will be open for the reception of patients on the first day of May next.

The house is large, elegant and commodious, the rooms spacious and airy, and the whole furnished in such a manner as to gratify the taste, while it secures the comfort and promotes the health of the inmates.

The location of this establishment is such that it leaves nothing in this respect to be desired. It is one of the most delightful residences in New England, and combines the advantages of the rural pleasures and quiet of the country with near proximity to the city. It is one mile from Gorham Village, and only eight miles from the city of Portland; hence it is easily accessible from all parts of the country.

The *water is pure and abundant*—the most convenient arrangements for its application will be adopted, and no pains will be spared to render the treatment efficient.

The proprietor being a regularly educated physician and having had much experience in other modes of practice, as well as in Hydropathy, and having, moreover, visited the most celebrated Hydropathic Institutions in England, France, Germany and Belgium, for the purpose of obtaining a thorough knowledge of the system, confidently hopes to give satisfaction to all who may place themselves under his care.

Genteel horses and carriages, good saddle horses, and various sources of innocent and healthful amusement, will be provided. E. PORTER EASTMAN, M. D.

Gorham, Me., April 13, 1849. 3m18

BOSTON AND LOWELL—1849.

THE NEW, SAFE, and FAST SAILING STEAMER

KENNEBEC,

Capt. Nathaniel Kimball,

Until further notice will leave steamboat wharf, Hallowell,

TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS,

For Boston, at ½ past 2, Gardiner at 3, and Bath at 6 P. M. RETURNING—Leaves Foster's Wharf, Boston, every

WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENING.

The Kennebec is a new boat, built expressly for this route; is well furnished with boats and fire engines; and her good qualities as a sea boat, with her splendid accommodations, have rendered her a great favorite with the traveling public; and the proprietors hope to have a *share* of the business the coming season.

Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the Kennebec in Hallowell, to carry passengers to Winthrop, Readfield, Livermore, Wilton, Farmington, Dixfield, Canton, Skowhegan, Norridgewock, Waterville, &c.

The Steamer PHENIX will also be in readiness to take freight and passengers to and from Waterville on the days of arrival and sailing.

N. B. This boat will take no *Live Calves* on freight this season. A. H. HOWARD, *Agent.*
Hallowell, March, 1849. 18

RARE CHANCE.

Herrick's Unrivaled Cheap Clothing Store.

OPENED THIS DAY, **at No. 4 Bridge's Block, Water street,** the *Largest and Best Stock of*

READY MADE CLOTHING,

In the State, which will be sold at prices to suit the times. Having taken great care in the manufacture and selection of the present stock, he is prepared to offer to all purchasers of CLOTHING a Stock which he can say will equal in every respect to Custom made, at prices which will not fail to suit all—his motto being, *never to be undersold.*

The stock consists in part of DRESS and FROCK COATS, Monkey, Cashmere, Satin, Broadcloth, Cassimere, Kentucky Jean and Tweed Sack and Frock Sacks, PANTS and VESTS, in all the variety of styles. A general assortment of **Gent's Furnishing Goods.** Youths and Boys' Clothing. A large assortment always on hand, which will be sold very low.

Particular attention is invited to this stock of Nice Dress and Frock Coats, which will be found better than most of the Custom Made, and at prices 25 per cent less.

All are invited to call and examine for themselves, as Goods will be cheerfully exhibited to all who wish to see what Good Clothing is, whether they wish to purchase or not. GEO. HERRICK.
Augusta, May 2d, 1849.

The Muse.

THE LITTLE CLOUD.

BY JOHN H. BRYANT.

As when, on Carmel's sterile steep,
The ancient prophet bow'd the knee,
And seven times sent his servant forth
To look toward the distant sea—

Then came at last a little cloud,
Scarce broader than the human hand,
Spreading and swelling till it broke
In showers on the herbless land;

And hearts were glad, and shouts went up
And praise to Israel's mighty God,
And the sere hills grew green again,
And verdure clothed the naked sod.

Even so our eyes have waited long,
But now a little cloud appears,
Spreading and swelling as it glides
Onward into the coming years.

Bright cloud of Liberty! full soon,
Far stretching from the ocean strand,
Thy glorious folds all spread abroad,
Encircling our beloved land.

Like that sweet rain on Judah's hills,
The glorious boon of love shall fall,
And our bound millions shall arise
As at an angel's trumpet call.

Then shall a shout of joy go up,
The wild glad cry of Freedom come
From hearts long crushed by cruel hands,
And songs from lips long sealed and dumb—

And every bondman's chain be broke,
And every soul that moves abroad
In this wide realm shall know and feel
The blessed liberty of God.

GOOD NIGHT.

Dark is the night!
Yet stars are glimmering through the cope of heaven;
The air sighs softly through the whispering trees;
And innocence, unstained by evil leaven,
All bright within, the outward gloom can please;
With the sweet influence of the calm hour filled,
In its clear bosom carrying its own heaven!
To all who have their day's work well fulfilled;
To them, good night!

Still is the night!
All day's loud noises wane,
Weary and tearful eyelids own the calm,
And sleep is lulling in her soft domain
The throbbing heart with heaven's own soothing balm.
To you for whom her shades descend in vain,
Whom care keeps watching—peace your cares disarm!
Soothed be the couch of sorrow and of pain;
To such, good night!

Rich is the night!
Can man hope, here, for more,
When the dark night of trouble veils him round,
Than in bright dreams to see heav'n ope its store,
And each warm wish at least by fancy crowned?
To you for whom hope smiles by day no more,
May her soft whispers in your sleep be found;
To you, good night!

Faith springs by night!
When all the fond heart hailed
Have long beneath the lonely hillock slept;
When they, the dearly loved, the deeply wailed,
Fate's bitter flood from thy fond arms have swept;
Think, amid all the trials that assailed,
One eye, above the stars, its watch hath kept,
And watches still—good night!

[Bentley's Miscellany.

The Story-Teller.

GRACE SUTHGATE:

OR, THE ORPHAN DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CONCLUDED.

The poor heart-broken youth raised his face, pale and collapsed with agony, his eyes fell on the spot where the corpse had been; the grass was trampled and matted down with blood; shuddering, he buried his face again in his hands, and said, in a voice of hopeless misery, "Do you wish for more? I am not a murderer!"

"True," replied Hinman, anxiously, "but look to your own safety—there is yet time for escape."

Blair dropped his hand slowly from his face, and his dim eyes met the anxious look of his persuader with an expression of heart broken misery, that appalled and softened even him, and his voice had something of true feeling in its tones, as he strove to persuade him from the place. The sufferer appeared not to comprehend his object, and it would seem that no definite wish to escape actuated him, though he arose, and staggered a few paces forward. He would have fallen, but that Hinman caught him by the arm.

"Yes, help me—hold me up—I am weak and heart-sick," he murmured, leaning heavily on the shoulder of his supporter.

Hinman looked anxiously towards the house. One of the men was mounting his horse. "Look," he exclaimed, pointing to the rider, as he galloped towards the village,—"it will soon be too late—go with me, I will secrete you till night." He threw his arms around Blair, and strove to draw him from the place of death; but the intellect of the sufferer seemed wound up in one idea only.

"He was dead, I knew it, quite dead, I shot him, is it not enough?" he continued to repeat, without moving a step, while his weight fell heavier and heavier on his companion.

"Go with me, I entreat," exclaimed Hinman, impatiently; then hoping to arouse him he added, "It might have been loss of blood—he may not be dead."

These words had their effect—Blair started upright, drew a quick, gasping breath, and walked rapidly toward the house.

Hinman followed him to the brink of the river and vehemently entreated him to return, and not to run headlong into danger. Blair paid no attention, but moved swiftly toward the house. The baffled villain uttered an execration, stood irresolute for a moment, and then muttered. "The fool will force me too far—I would not have a trial; but if he will run headlong, let him take the worst."

Old Hinman bore the senseless Grace to her chamber, and, laying her on the bed, chafed her cold hands in his hard palms, poured water over her face, and strove by every means in his power, to restore her to consciousness. It was in vain; cold and marble-like she lay on the white counterpane, with the water drops rolling from her cheeks and polished forehead, coldly, as if they were dropping from chiseled stone, while her whole frame seemed stiffening in death. It was more than a common fainting fit which bound the faculties and chilled the frame of poor Grace Suthgate.

"It's of no use," said Mr. Hinman, and his words came choking from his throat, "It's no use—I'm afeared she's dead, and I don't know but it will be a marcy if she is, poor fatherless and motherless creature—I'll go home and send my woman or Nancy—poor Nance—it'll almost kill her," and laying the little hand he had been chafing, softly on the bosom of the orphan, he removed the black ringlets, which lay wet and uncurled, from off her face and turned away.

When Nancy Hinman entered the chamber of her wretched friend, she found her sitting up on the bed, her eyes fixed on the opposite window, and her features still settled in a death-like calm. Nancy, who had never seen grief expressed but by tears, was surprised at her seeming resignation, and while the drops gathered in her own bright eyes, she threw her arms around the sufferer, whispering, "O, Grace, dear Grace, you can't tell how I feel for you."

There was no answer, no motion in the sufferer. "Grace, O, Grace, you are cruel!—won't you take notice of me!—what have I done that you won't speak?"

"Hush, hush! not so loud, you disturb me—I know you, I know you all, but it hurts me to speak—open the window—I want air, my breath pains me," whispered the mourner, but without turning her eyes, or moving a limb.

Nancy raised the sash and seated herself beside it. She saw Grace press her hand to her forehead; and, after a few moments, sink back to her pillow. She was uncertain whether she slept or not; but for four long hours, there was no word spoken between them. The sun was down, its tints of gold died slowly from the horizon, the stars came out in their splendor—the moon rose as it had done the preceding night—all without remained the same—and yet, in that house, there was not a heart which had not been changed, as with years of sorrow. How insignificant we are! The very flowers we tread upon, bloom as sweetly when our hearts are broken, as when the music of happiness is thrilling through them. The moonlight falls alike on the lovers in their bower, and the widow by the tomb of her husband. But, oh! how different are its effects! To the first, it is a deepener of joy; to the other a mockery of sorrow. Our hearts are stricken, withered, blasted, while the rose bursts its germ, and smiles itself out of life; yet the world goes on, as heedless of our agony as of its fallen leaves. We die, a few tears are dropped, a few moans are made, the hearts which ours have clung to droop for an hour, and this is all. No other thing in Nature is disturbed, save the few green clods which are torn to admit us to the bosom of the earth. The waves of time roll over our empty places, and all things are as if we had never been. Alas! how insignificant we are!

It was late when the hum of voices, which had ascended from below, all the evening, died away. One by one, the people from the neighboring village departed, and Nancy Hinman, sad almost for the first time in her life, sat alone by the little window of her friend's chamber. As the clattering of the last departing horse died on the air, she arose and went to the bedside of the sufferer. She lay still, as if asleep. Her eyes were closed, but there was a tremulous motion in the shadowy lashes sweeping her cheek, and a working of her features, as the moonbeams lay full upon them, which would have disproved all appearance of recent slumber, had Nancy Hinman been a close observer. She, kind girl, bent down and kissed the pale forehead of the mourner, wept over her for a time, and then stole softly back to her seat, where she soon dropped into a heavy slumber.

As the young girl lay with her arms folded on the window-sill, her bright cheeks pillowed upon them, and her frank brow exposed by her curls, as the night wind lifted them playfully from her temples, Grace arose and stole softly from the room. The poor girl had been awake, listening to the voices from below, as a culprit within sound of the hammers which rivet his scaffold. A thin partition only divided her from the women who were making her father's shroud. She heard them consult on the form and measurement; she heard the good Mrs. Hinman caution them to speak softly, that they might not disturb her; she knew by the sound, when those below were laying out the dead; and yet she did not move, nor unclose her aching eyes, but lay four long hours, with her intellect quickened to painful acuteness, and her heart cramping within her, like a thing of distinct life. When all was still, and her young watcher asleep, she stole down to mourn by the dead. She passed through the kitchen; two men were stretched along the chairs, while another sat in a shadowy corner, with his face turned toward the wall. Grace was too wretched to notice them, and glided unseen to the parlor. She opened the door, and the corpse of her father lay before her. The face was uncovered; the grave-clothes glimmered in the dull light, and were slightly rustled by a current of air, which swept over a honeysuckle at an open sash and filled the room with fragrance. The poor orphan's heart grew faint; it was the same vine she had nailed to the casement in the morning. The dewy blossoms she had trifled with then, were now breaking the moonlight, as it trembled through them and flickered over the face of the dead. Slowly the orphan advanced; she started, and her heart leaped within her, for the light quivering over the face of the corpse, gave it the appearance of life. She bent her cheek; it met one cold and stiffened; her heart contracted itself again. She sunk on her knees, and strove to pray. Her throat was dry, and agony almost choked her. With locked hands, and large drops breaking over her upturned brow, she struggled for words of prayer. A painful effort and they broke from her lips: "O God! O God! help me to bear this mine affliction." Staightway, warm tears rushed to her eyes, the grasp of agony was taken from her heart, and she wept freely. Long and holy was the communion Grace Suthgate held with her God there, by her father's death-couch. Her heart was pervaded with a sweet and invisible influence; a calm, blessed feeling, such as human pen can never describe, took possession of her spirit; and she, who had knelt down in her agony, arose resigned—nay, happy. The light was still on her father's face, and a smile, pure and holy, such as his mortal lips had never known, lay like a promise of heaven upon it. Grace stooped, and pressed her lips to the cold clay. As she raised her head, another shadow fell athwart the corpse. It was her cousin who stood before her. Very pale he was, and his countenance looked solemn and death like, in the dim light. Grace moved not, nor shrunk as he laid his cold hand upon hers. She knew that he had killed her father—but she knew also, that his will had no part in the deed. He spoke, and his voice was low and very mournful.

"I did not think to find you here—they told me you were ill—I came to look on the dead, while my keepers slept—to-morrow I go to be tried for his murder—*you* cannot think me guilty of an intent to kill your father, Grace."

"No," replied the orphan, "no—could you be here, by his side, had you harbored a thought of murder!"

"I thank you—from my broken heart I thank you," said he, trembling violently, and leaning against the window frame for support.

As his hand grasped the casement, it crushed a flowering branch of the honey-suckle, which had fallen in at the open sash. He raised his hand, and carefully removed the broken flowers; and when he looked up his eyes were full of tears.

"They are fresh and blooming yet—a day has not withered them," he said, in a sorrowful voice, accompanied by one of those painful smiles which come from the dregs of misery; then with a sudden gesture of despair, he turned to the body outstretched before him, and exclaimed with a burst of bitter feeling, "O Grace, Grace! can this be real? parted forever; you fatherless—I—I—a murderer! and all in a few hours. This morning—but this morning—and we stood there, so happy, so full of hope—oh, my God! why was I permitted to work all this woe!"

Grace laid her hand on his. She yielded to none of the regretful feelings which crowded to her heart. It is not the nature of prayer to strengthen the soul for a time, as does human resolution, and then lay bare again to the ravages of the passions. No! faith and resignation may need guarding, but their strength is equal to the need of their possessor. Grace, I have said, placed her hand on that of her cousin. She, the bereaved, was about two administer consolation to the bereaver. The light of a pure spirit broke over her face, her black hair fell back from her pale forehead, as she raised it to look upon him; and she appeared in her spiritual beauty like a ministering angel, rather than a mourner sorrowing over the dead. Her lips were parted to speak, when a heavy tread and a rough voice was heard in the passage.

"I am missed," exclaimed Blair; "they will intrude even here. Grace, you have given me comfort—me who—" his voice was choked with grief—he grasped her hand with convulsive violence, and left the room.

The morning sun shone in upon the corpse, and Grace Suthgate was still kneeling by it. She knew not that the dawn had broken—she cared not that the flowers were awake, and rejoicing in their dew. The rattle of the wheels which had borne Henry Blair to prison were sounding in her ears. She was praying for him, and her entreaties went up to the Most High as a rich incense; for they sprung from a heart, which, like flowers, yielded its sweetness in greatest abundance, when it was most severely bruised. She unclosed not her eyes; and her voice, like tones of broken music, ceased not to ascend, till the promise of strength and faith was vouchsafed to her.

Those who came to prepare for the funeral, looked on the calm brow of the young girl, and wondered.

Mr. Suthgate was buried on his own ground, just beneath the precipice at the back of the house. A large maple over-shadowed his grave, and wild roses blossomed thickly about it. One thing was remarkable regarding the funeral, old Mr. Hinman was not present—nor had he been at the house since the morning of its master's death. It was said that he was ill; but when Nancy returned to nurse him, he reproved her sharply for deserting the poor orphan, and commanded her to return and not leave her again until she was sent for. In vain, Nancy, who truly loved her father, besought him to allow her to remain with him. "Grace was calm," she said, "and kept about the house all the time; never appearing as if any thing had happened, only once in a while when some of her father's books and things came in the way; and then she would go about her work with the tears dropping from her eyes, for an hour at a time; and her smile had a strange kind of look about it, just as if it would say, oh, how my heart aches." Old Hinman sat in his great easy-chair, with his hands clasped on his knees, and large tears rolling one by one down his cheeks, as Nancy gave this simple description of her friend's suffering. His daughter looked in his care-worn face, and her heart was pained, for she had never seen him sick before.

"Do let me stay with you, father—Grace does not need me, there is no work to do, for she don't eat scarcely anything, and brother James comes night and morning to feed the stock, and take care of things.

At the mention of his son's name, Mr. Hinman suddenly unlocked his hands, and turned remarkably pale. He half started from his chair, and with trembling lips exclaimed, "Don't name him—I tell you, don't name him;" then suddenly checking himself, he fell back to his seat, adding, "Leave the room, Nancy, you've done no harm."

It would be almost impossible for a person to be left more completely alone than was Grace Suthgate, by the death of her father. Brought up entirely in his society, living almost alone with him from childhood, she had centered all the earthly affections of her humble and loving heart in his existence. Never, in her whole lifetime, could she remember a harsh word or act coming from him. No second object had found a place in her heart, until the arrival of Henry Blair; and even then, the love she bore her parent seemed to expand with her capacity to love another. Suddenly, in a moment as it were, the support of her life, the oak to which she was the vine, was cut down forever; and she, the loved and cherished, became an isolated creature in the wide and wicked world. It is strange that she did not die then—that her heart, so pure and tender, had not broken in the uprooting of its gentle tendencies. It might, but for Him who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb. Grace had one earthly hope left, to which she clung with feminine tenacity—that was Henry Blair. She knew that she never could marry him with her father's blood on his hands, however innocent he might be; yet she could hear from him sometimes; and it was a luxury to pity him—to feel that one in the world, who shared her lineage, would remember her with the tenderness she had been wont to inspire. She had no fear for the event of his trial—it was a form, she thought, necessary to his character. To be acquitted publicly by his fellow men, might lessen his own regret; and gave her comfort to anticipate the time of his release, though she knew she could see him no more.

While Nancy Hinman was making her unsuccessful visit to her father, James had taken the opportunity to visit Grace, who received him kindly, for he had performed many friendly offices for her since her bereavement. His face wore a show of sympathy, and his manner was even more than commonly soft and insinuating. After some hesitation, he informed her that Henry Blair's trial would come on in about a week, and inquired if she could mention any witness whom she wished to have summoned in his behalf. Grace thanked him, and answered calmly that she supposed none were necessary to his exculpation, save himself, he being the only person present. Hinman seemed embarrassed. He arose, walked across the room, and returned to his seat.

"I fear," he said with some hesitation, "I fear you misconceive the nature of my evidence—I am sorry to say it would be but little in favor of your cousin."

Grace looked up in astonishment. "Mr. Hinman," she said, in a faltering voice, "you do not mean to say that you know ought more than that my father died by the *accidental* discharge of his nephew's gun!"

"Miss Suthgate, it grieves me to say I do. I would give my right hand that I did not, for my knowledge, after what has passed, may be construed into malice. I knew Blair in Boston, but we did not assimilate—he was passionate and haughty—I—but that is unimportant. You know what has passed between us here. I was to blame, perhaps—certain I am that I was rude to you—but, if ever man deserved to be forgiven for outrage, I—"

Grace, who had been growing faint and weak, with apprehension, interrupted him, "Do not, do not torture me, I pray you—but tell me the worst at once."

"Miss Suthgate," replied Hinman, solemnly, "you have not forgotten that I called here on the afternoon of your father's death—you may remember what passed between us, but you cannot conceive of the bitter disappointment with which I left your presence. I had been out upon the hills alone—I did not feel in the mood for returning home, after your unkind severity, and wandered, I know not how, to the opposite hill. As I stood resting on my rifle and indulging in the moody thoughts your rejection had given rise to, it so happened that your father and cousin passed without perceiving me. Blair was eagerly pressing some request he had previously made—they stopped a few paces from me—I was not in a fit temper for joining them, and remained quiet. I soon learned that Blair had been asking for your hand in marriage. Your father was gentle, but steady in his refusal. Blair grew angry, and became more peremptory and impetuous in his demand. Your father looked surprised and displeased. At length Blair descended to abusive epithets and harsh language. Your father turned sorrowfully away, and as your cousin followed with fresh arguments, he said aloud, and with some asperity, 'Henry Blair, ask her not of me, she is my all, the sweet copy of her mother—I cannot tear her from my home, to place her in the bosom of one who has no command over his own passions.' Again your cousin broke in with vehement expostulations. His uncle shook off the youth's hand from his arm, exclaiming with some warmth, 'Harry, I will listen to no more—nothing but death can separate me from my child,' and, as if to avoid further importunity, he hurried down the hill, and stepping upon that rock yonder, was preparing to discharge his gun. Blair was always passionate. Then, his disappointment drove him to fury. Seizing his rifle, he lifted it to his shoulder, exclaiming, 'Then by your death be it!'—and, before I could prevent the fatal act, he had fired. You know the rest, yet I would add my belief, that the deed of guilt was perpetrated from the blind fury of the moment, and not from premeditated malice. I have now told you what my evidence must be before a court of justice."

Grace made no answer or comment. She was sitting with her elbows on her work-table and her face buried in her hands. Not a sob nor a groan broke from her lips as this proof of crime was laid before her, and she was so still that it almost seemed that her breathing had stopped. She remained thus immovable and speechless for a time, as if stupefied with the guilt of her last earthly object of love. Still her mind was busy; all the transactions of the last few weeks passed through in quick review. There was one hope. Hinman hated her cousin—he might have spoken falsely. She resolved to go to the blasted pine and mark the position of the fatal rock—if it was concealed—if a bush or a tree, large enough to hide the form of a man, grew between that and the spot where she had seen her cousin standing, she determined to believe in his innocence; if not, her heart sickened at the alternative, for then Hinman's story must be true. Without speaking, and heedless that any one was present, she arose and left the house. Hinman saw the direction she was taking, and followed her unnoticed. She walked very slowly, as if fearing too early conviction. She paused a moment at the spot of trampled grass where her father's body had rested, and then went up the hill. She reached the old pine, and turned slowly with her face to the rock. It projected out from the face of the hill, and there was no tree—no bush to obstruct the view—even the crevices and spots of moss were plainly discernable. Her father had been *murdered*. A pang came over her, as if her heart had been cleft in twain by a sharp knife. Visions of the gallows, the halter, and her cousin *the murderer*, for a victim, flashed through her mind. Her brain reeled, and she would have fallen headlong from the eminence, had not James Hinman sprung from behind a neighboring tree and caught her in his arms. He sat down on a bare root of the pine and laid her head on his bosom. What were the thoughts swelling that bosom it beseems us not to say. Certain we are, that Grace Suthgate, the pure and beautiful, would never have remained there had strength been given her to remove from a pillow so polluted. But she heeded not her resting place, for she might have been stretched upon the rack without knowing it, so busy was her sick mind with thoughts of guilt and death. She turned her head a little, and opened her meek eyes to his, as they were bent on her with an expression which she had never met before. "Is there no hope, no doubt—must he die!" It was as the dove appealing to the serpent.

"Grace Suthgate," said Hinman, slowly and impressively, "there is a way—I *can* save him—marry me and *I will*."

A cold shudder crept over the poor girl—she broke feebly from his arms, she sat upright on the ground. "I would go home," she said, "I would be alone."

"Promise that you will think of what I have said," replied Hinman, supporting her as she arose and moved away.

"I will think—I will pray to do right," she said, shrinking from his arm, and collecting her strength to descend the hill.

Hinman followed her at a distance, till she reached the house. When there, she shut herself in her room, and kneeling with her bible before her, searched diligently for such passages as related to capital punishment. She read, reflected, and prayed, and her opinion was formed from the best of sources. She had no doubt of her cousin's guilt. She knew it to be impossible that he should have killed her father *accidentally*, situated as the two parties were at the time of the murder. She herself saw him raise the rifle deliberately to his shoulder; and, though her eyes had been turned, before the precise aim was taken, she had seen the effect. What would her evidence be but a confirmation of Hinman's—and, of the truth of his statement, she had almost positive proof, for how could he have known that Blair had asked her of her father, as had been agreed upon in the morning of that fatal day, unless he had indeed heard the conversation he affirmed to have taken place between the uncle and nephew! Yet, fully convinced of the crime as she was, the young girl felt justified in saving the life of a human being at any sacrifice, even though he had committed the grievous crime of slaying a fellow man—her own almost idolized parent—in a moment of insane passion. There was no medium punishment; it was death or acquittal with Blair; and Grace Suthgate was one of those who shuddered at the sanguinary cry for human life, which is still continued by our laws, while these very laws punish blasphemy against the Most High with *imprisonment* and *fine*.

Legislators!—ye who make a common spectacle of human suffering, hardening the hearts of the people thereby, refer us not to the scripture for a justification of your cruel demand of blood for blood! Has not the same scripture said, he who blasphemeth against the Lord shall be punished with death! Is not this as plain as the law against murder, and have ye not refined it down by human legislation! Nay is there a single divine law which ye in your courts of justice render to the letter save this! "Whoso shedeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed!"

* * * * * * *

Paris Hill, even with its multiplied inhabitants, seldom contained so dense a crowd as that collected to witness the trial of Henry Blair. From eight to ten in the morning, people had been flocking to the village from all directions, some on horseback, and others crowded into the numerous wagons which lined the fences on either side of the main street.

"Halloo, you Zeph Potter, jest wait a minute, and I'll be your company," cried Benjamin Wheeler, a tall lathy farmer, as he tucked a wooden rum bottle under his arm, and hauled a tin pail of butter and an empty molasses jug from under his wagon seat.

"Wall, come along then, for these 'ere dried apples are none of the lightest, I can tell you," replied Zephaniah, stopping short and setting a well packed bag more firmly on his shoulder, "come, hurry along, for I've got a tarnal long list o' notions to get afore I can go in to see that college chap hauled over the coals."

Benjamin gathered his merchandise together, and the two began to navigate their way through the noisy crowd collected before the store they wished to enter.

"By gracious, look at them are goggles," exclaimed Zephaniah, facing round to a man who, with green spectacles on his nose, and two huge law books under his arm, was making his way to the court house.

As Zephaniah stood gaping after the green eyed lawyer, some roguish wight in the crowd plucked at the bag behind, the string gave way, and half of his load made for itself a quick passage to the ground.

"Now if that an't too bad," exclaimed Zephaniah, setting down his bag, and patiently stuffing the strings of apples back to their place. As he was so employed, his friend Ben, who was always up to a joke, took his molasses jug and pail in one hand, while he knocked Zeph's hat over his eyes with the other.

"I say there, you Ben Wheeler, if you'd just as lief, I'll take care of my own hat," cried the sufferer, tugging to get the refractory chapeau from over his great nose, which projected like a wedge between it and his face.

Ben broke off short in the horse-laugh which followed this manly exploit, and drew back with instinctive respect, for a young female in deep mourning passed him at the moment, leaning on the arm of the county sheriff. Her large sorrowful eyes were raised for a moment, as she passed the boisterous man, as if in wonder that anything could be merry at such a time.

"It was her father the chap killed," whispered Ben to his friend, who had set his nose at liberty, and was again shouldering his bag.

"You don't say so!—wal, I swow, I hope they'll hang the varmint."

While the two friends were making their way to the store, Grace Suthgate had entered the court-house. Her thick mourning veil was drawn down over her face, as she took the most remote station on the seat prepared for the witnesses, and drew her black shawl tightly around her person, as if that could conceal her from observation. The room was crowded, the judges and jury had taken their places, and Henry Blair was at the bar. His face was pale, and bore a settled expression, as if he had called forth all his resolution to go through the approaching trial: yet occasionally, when he encountered the curious glances of the crowd, his brow would flush crimson, his lip curl haughtily; and those who gazed, shrunk from the flashes of his indignant eye. When Grace entered, the proud composure of his look vanished, a mist came over his eyes—and with a half stifled groan, he grasped the railing of the bar with both his hands—and, letting his face fall on them, remained till the clerk arose to arraign him. The charge was that of wilful murder. Grace Suthgate bent forward in painful anxiety, as the indictment was read, and when the clerk turned to the prisoner, and demanded in a solemn voice, "Guilty, or not guilty," she drew her veil suddenly back, and fixed one long, piercing look on the face of the accused. He saw that pale, anxious face, exposed unheedingly to the public gaze; and his eyes were unflinchingly fixed on hers, as he answered in a firm and distinct voice, "Not guilty of an *intent* to kill."

The black veil was suddenly dropped, and those who sat near the orphan, heard one long broken sigh, and saw tear-drops large and bright, glimmering beneath the thick crape, as they fell in rapid succession to her lap.

The attorney-general rose to open the trial. His address was eloquent, brief and conclusive. He manifested more of sympathy for the accused, than is usual for the opposing counsel in such cases, but yet expressed his entire conviction of the prisoner's guilt. He asserted that he should bring witnesses to prove that the prisoner at the bar had deliberately shot at the deceased, after a dispute which had arisen between them, while on a hunting excursion. An appearance of surprise was on Blair's countenance, during the whole of the attorney's speech. Once he sprang to his feet, as if to interrupt it, but resumed his seat again in silence. The attorney-general closed, by requesting the permission to introduce Grace Suthgate, the daughter of the deceased, in behalf of the State. Every eye was turned to the young witness, as she arose and took her place on the stand. The clerk requested her to draw the glove from her right hand. She obeyed, and a murmur of pity and admiration ran through the crowd, as her still white face was exposed to the public gaze. She was told to raise her hand, that the oath might be administered. The poor girl turned her face piteously toward the attorney general, as if to appeal for protection. Her lips parted, but she could not articulate a word, while the ungloved hand grasped the railing before her for support.

"Do not be frightened, young lady," said the attorney, soothingly, and evidently affected by her appearance, "you have the sympathy of all present."

An expression of thrilling gratitude rushed into the face of the prisoner, who had been gazing on the witness with intense interest. The attorney caught the look, and his voice was even more respectfully gentle, when he again addressed the witness.

"Raise your hand, young lady," he said, "you have nothing to fear—I will not fatigue you—my questions shall be brief—permit the oath to be administered, I entreat you."

He was about to say something more to encourage her, for he supposed her embarrassed by the fixed gaze of the multitude, and the uncommon silence which reigned even to the remotest corners of the room, so intense was the interest excited; but as he uttered the last words, she raised her eyes, and while a slight color broke over her face, expressed the determination not to be sworn, or to bear witness in the trial. There was nothing like bravado or boldness in her denial; her voice was sweet and firm, and she looked determined, but gentle as a dove.

The attorney-general saw that entreaty would be of no avail. "I am sorry to hear this refusal," he said, "are you advised that the court has power to compel you to speak?"

"I know that it has power to punish, but I cannot bear witness in this case," she mildly replied, drawing her veil, and moving from the stand.

The judge and jury gazed on her in astonishment, while the perplexed attorney, who knew that she had refused to appear before them, till compelled by the sheriff, turned to the presiding judges, and though with evident reluctance, requested that a committal might be made out against her.

"Give her time to reflect," replied the humane magistrate, loath to inflict imprisonment on a being so delicate, "if she continue obstinate after the other witnesses for the State have testified, I shall be obliged to testify against her."

The attorney bowed his acquiescence, and the business of the court went on. The name of James Hinman was next called. There was a slight bustle near the door, as that personage separated himself from the crowd, and advanced toward the stand. Grace uttered a faint cry, on his appearance; and falling back in her seat watched him with agonising solicitude, as he took his station on the witness-stand, and raised his hand to be sworn. His presence was a death-blow to her hopes. Half her patrimony, consisting of the bank stock her father had owned in Portland, she had given to bribe his absence; and that being insufficient, she, in her desperation, had promised her own hand in marriage, if he would refrain from giving evidence against her cousin. Yet, great as had been her sacrifice, there he stood, about to repeat the same fearful story which he had once told to her. The wretched girl closed her eyes, and listened to the proceedings of the court in utter hopelessness.

Being questioned by the attorney-general, Hinman proceeded to relate, that, on the day of Mr. Suthgate's death; he had been out alone, shooting in the woods, and that as he had stopped to rest by a certain pine tree, growing on the face of the hill, opposite Mr. Suthgate's house, the deceased and the prisoner at the bar, had passed him. They were conversing cheerfully, and were evidently in high spirits. He added that not being in a mood for company, he had remained quiet, while the two sat down on some fragments of rock near by. Their heads were both uncovered, and Mr. Suthgate's hat, together with the fur cap of the prisoner, was thrown on the dead leaves at their feet. As they were resting themselves, a large bird sailed over the pine, and settled on a tree near the foot of the hill. Mr. Suthgate snatched Blair's cap, which lay nearest him, and ran to a neighboring rock, from which he could get a better aim at the bird. His rifle missed fire. While hastily re-loading it, he placed the stock against the stem of a bush, with the muzzle opposite his breast as he forced down the charge. He was returning the ramrod when something, probably a twig of the bush, touched the trigger, and the rifle was discharged into his bosom. At this moment, the prisoner at the bar, fired off his rifle, preparatory to entering the house; but the witness was certain that the act was harmless, and that Mr. Suthgate came to his death by the accidental discharge of his own gun.

As Hinman pronounced the last sentence, the prisoner sprang to his feet, with an expression of thrilling joy, which met with an answering glow in the heart of every person present, save one—James Hinman; he turned his eyes on the prisoner, and their expression was that of a cat trifling with a mouse, it still intends to destroy. That expression changed as he looked toward Grace. She was sitting as the joyful surprise of his last words had left her, bending gently forward, her hands clasped, her lips apart, and her very soul beaming in gratitude through her eyes; but the instant she saw the glance cast from the witness to the prisoner, her heart sickened with doubt—she had seen that look before.

The attorney-general, who had expected a far different story from his witness, cross questioned him closely, but his answers were always ready and consistent. Two or three unimportant persons were then examined, and the prisoner was called upon for his defence. His counsel expressed himself ready to submit the case to the jury, without further plea, trusting entirely to the evidence introduced by the State, for the acquittal of his client. The attorney general acquiesced, and, after a brief address from the court, in which the presiding judge expressed his clear conviction of the prisoner's innocence, the case was given to the jury. Without leaving the box they rendered a verdict of *not guilty*. All proceedings against Grace were of course relinquished; and Henry Blair was discharged. In the bustle attending the breaking up of the court, Hinman contrived to get by the side of Blair, as he was leaving the bar. Putting his mouth close to his ear, he whispered, "*I have sworn falsely, but you are not the less a murderer.*" The acquitted prisoner started and recoiled, as if from the hiss of a serpent.

Hinman left his venomed arrow to rankle in the heart of his victim and turned carelessly toward Grace, to whom he addressed a few low, earnest words. She arose, and went with him from the court room. One look of anguish she cast on Blair. He dared not approach, for he felt that, notwithstanding his acquittal, the curse of her father's blood was still upon him. Bewildered by the events of the trial and terrified by the rude jeating of the crowd, Grace was conducted into a chaise, into which Hinman followed her, before she was fully conscious of his object. The poor girl looked out among the multitude in search of the man who had brought her from home; every face was strange, and she drew back into the chaise, resigned and hopeless. It was a relief to her when she saw that he intended to carry her home. Had he chosen any other direction, she must have submitted, for she was entirely helpless in his hands. They had travelled nearly an hour in silence, when Hinman suddenly checked his horse, and taking her hand in his, said—

"Miss Suthgate, my sweet Grace, look upon me—I have performed your conditions—your cousin is free—when am I to claim my lovely reward!"

"Then it *was* all false, and you have forsworn," exclaimed the wretched girl, tearing her hands from his grasp, and looking around the lonely spot as if for help.

Hinman forcibly took her hands. "Let us understand each other," he said sternly, "I will not be trifled with—did you not promise to give yourself in marriage to me, immediately after the liberation of Henry Blair, on condition that I would absent myself, or refuse to give evidence against him!—have I not performed the condition to the letter!"

"Oh no, no—I never dreamed that you could swear falsely—I only asked absence, not perjury—not perjury."

"One question, Miss Suthgate, and I have done—are you prepared to fulfil your promise to be mine three days from this!—the certificate of the town clerk is in my pocket—do not shrink and shudder, as if I were a reptile, but answer me."

"What can I say!—how can I act!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands and weeping bitterly, "will nothing soften you—I have money—alas, no, I have given you that already—but oh, have pity on me—I am alone, parentless—why do you seek me!—my heart is withered up—sorrow has blighted me—I can never love aught earthly again. Take me home, I entreat you—leave me to spend my humble and sorrowful life alone, till I can lie by my father's grave, and be at rest—do this, and I will bless you; but oh, do not drive me to the deadly sin of marrying you unloved—of wedding one perjured before heaven!"

Hinman gazed coldly on the beautiful creature, as she uttered this rapid and passionate appeal. With strong determination, he kept down the expression of mortified pride, which sprung to his lips when she said she could not love him; but the blood, in spite of his efforts, rushed over his forehead, at the close of this speech.

"It is well," he said, "I have your answer;" and, gathering up the reins, he deliberately turned his horse's head, and drove back toward Paris.

"Why do you turn back!" inquired Grace, timidly.

"To unsay the oath you complain of—the murderer shall not escape me."

On went the horse; his every foot-fall came like a knell to the heart of the tortured girl. The village spires were becoming more distinct each moment; distant shouts and the hum of many voices were on the air. Slowly she reached out her hand and grasped the reins. "I promise," she said in a husky whisper.

Hinman turned his horse.

Poor Grace Suthgate; she little knew that our laws permit of no second trial for the same offence, or that James Hinman would as soon have thrust his hand into a heated furnace, as to have acknowledged his recent perjury; but it mattered not—she was in the paw of the lion.

[CONCLUSION ON THIRD PAGE.]

VASSALBORO' NURSERY.

THE subscribers have on hand a large variety of FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES, of vigorous growth, suitable for transplanting; which, together with various kinds of shrubbery, they offer upon reasonable terms. They can also furnish scions of various approved kinds of Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry, &c. Trees will be packed to insure safety, and if desired, will be delivered on board one of the Steamers for Augusta or Waterville, free of charge, except for package. Orders, post paid, will receive prompt attention, and early applications, would be preferable.

D. & S. N. TABER.

Vassalboro', 4th mo., 1849. 15

To the Hon. D. WILLIAMS, Judge of the Court of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE Petition and Representation of DOLLY ESTY, Executrix of the last will and testament of SOLOMON ESTY, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, respectfully shews that the personal estate of said deceased, which has come into the hands and possession of the said Executrix, is not sufficient to pay the just debts and demands against said estate by the sum of three hundred dollars—and that sale of part only of the real estate of said deceased will injure the residue thereof. That the said Executrix therefore makes application to this Court and prays your Honor that she may be authorized and empowered, agreeably to law, to sell and pass deeds to convey all of the real estate of said deceased, including the reversion of the widow's dower. All which is respectfully submitted.

DOLLY ESTY.

COUNTY OF KENNEBEC, ss.—*At a Court of Probate held in Augusta, on the first Monday of April, 1849.*

On the Petition aforesaid, ORDERED, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition with this order thereon, three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend on the second Monday of May next, at the Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and shew cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

D. WILLIAMS, *Judge.*

Attest—F. DAVIS, *Register.*

Copy of the petition and order thereon.

Attest—F. DAVIS, *Register.* 16

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

BY virtue of a license from the Hon. D. WILLIAMS, Judge of Probate, in and for the county of Kennebec, on Thursday, May 31st, at 10 A. M., I will sell at Public Auction, on the premises, so much of the Real Estate of A. H. DOE, late of Vassalboro, deceased, as will bring the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars.

DANIEL TAYLOR, *Adm'r.*

Vassalboro, April 21, 1849. 17

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale one of the best FARMS in the county of Kennebec; situated in Monmouth, on what is called the Ridge, about two miles from the Centre Village, through which the great Central Railroad is soon to pass, and about half way between the Capital (Augusta) and Lewiston. Said Farm contains 99 acres of as good land as there is in the county—not a rod of waste land upon the whole—and is under a high state of cultivation—well divided into mowing, tillage, pasture and woodland, and well watered by a living brook through it, and living springs, and two never failing wells of pure water—a large orchard of the very best of engrafted fruit. Said Farm cuts about 40 tons of good English hay annually. The buildings are a large one story double house, with an excellent cellar under the whole, partitioned off with brick; a brick dairy room with a brick floor, &c.; a porch, wood house, carri